

THE *J. F. Andrews*
P O E M S
O F
MR. G R A Y.
TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED
M E M O I R S
O F HIS
L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S
B Y
W. M A S O N, M. A.
V O L. II.

D U B L I N :
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M. MILLS.

MDCCLXXV.



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MUSEUM.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MR. GRAY.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, March 25, 1756.

THOUGH I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last Letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one; having been taken up in quarrelling with Peterhouse *, and in removing myself from thence to

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B

Pembroke.

* The Reason of Mr. Gray's changing his College, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this: Two or three young Men of Fortune, who lived in the same stair-case, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the Governing part

Pembroke. This may be looked upon as a sort of æra in a life so barren of events as mine; yet I shall treat it in Voltaire's manner, and only tell you that I left my Lodgings because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil. This is all I would chuse to have said about it; but if you in private should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts and minute circumstances, the Bearer, who was witness to them, will probably satisfy you. All I shall say more is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grand Chartreuse; and that every body (even Dr. Long himself) are as civil as they could be to * Mary of Valens in person.

With regard to any advice I can give you about your being Physician to the Hospital, I frankly own it ought to give way to a much better judge, especially so disinterested a one as Dr. Heberden. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your fears of Effluvia, I maintain that one sick rich patient has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him than a whole ward of sick poor.

The similitude between the Italian Republics and those of Antient Greece has often struck me, as it does you. I do not wonder that Sully's Memoirs have highly entertained you; but cannot agree with you in thinking him or his Master two of the best men in the world. The King was indeed one of the best-natured men that ever lived; but it is owing only to chance that his intended marriage with Madame d'Estreés, or with the Marquise de Verneuil,

part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the College. The slight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his most intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his disposition.

* Foundress of the College.

Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the most inextricable confusion ; and his design upon the Princess of Condé (in his old age) was worse still. As to the Minister, his base application to Concini, after the Murder of Henry, has quite ruined him in my esteem, and destroyed all the merit of that honest surly pride for which I honoured him before ; yet I own that, as Kings and Ministers go, they were both extraordinary men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of Sir J. Edmonds, for the character of the French Court at that time ; it is written by Sir George Carew.

You should have received Masen's Present * last Saturday. I desire you to tell me your critical opinion of the New Odes, and also whether you have found out two lines which he has inserted in his third to a friend, which are superlative †. We do not expect the world, which is just going to be invaded, will bestow much attention on them ; if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

June 14, 1756.
THOUGH I allow abundance for your kindness and partiality to me, I am yet much pleased with the good opinion you seem to

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have

* The four Odes which I had just published separately.

† I should leave the Reader to guess (if he thought it worth his while) what this Couplet was, which is here commended so much beyond its merit, did not the Ode conclude with a Compliment

have of the Bard : I have not, however, done a word more than the little you have seen, having been in a very listless, unpleasant, and *inutile* state of mind for this long time, for which I shall beg you to prescribe me somewhat strengthening and agglutinant, lest it turn to a confirmed Pthisis.

I recommend two little French books to you, one called *Memoirs de M. de la Porte* ; it has all the air of simplicity and truth, and contains some few very extraordinary facts relating to Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarine. The other is in two small volumes, "*Memoirs de Madame Staal*." The facts are no great matter, but the manner and vivacity make them interesting. She was a sort of Confidante to the late Dutchess of Maine, and imprisoned a long time on her account during the regency.

I ought before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, which I mean soon to accept, for a reason which to be sure can be none to you and Mrs. Wharton ; and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. I have told you already of my mental ailments ; and it is a very possible thing also that I may be bodily ill again in town, which I would not chuse to be in a dirty inconvenient lodging, where, perhaps, my nurse might stifle me with a pillow ; and therefore it is no wonder if I prefer your house : but I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frightened at the

pliment to Mr. Gray, in which part he might probably look for it, as those lines were written with the greater care. To secure, therefore, my Friend from any imputation of Vanity, whatever becomes of myself, I shall here insert the passage.

While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,
Meek Twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners gray.

the thoughts of a sick body, you may make a handsome excuse and save yourselves this trouble. You are not however to imagine my illness is *in esse*; no, it is only *in posse*; otherwise I should be scrupulous of bringing it home to you. I think I shall be with you in about a fortnight.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, July 25, 1756.

I Feel a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a Mercer's Wife, that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: But you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon *, which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will

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not

* His Poem sur la Destruction de Lisbon, published about that time.

not expect therefore I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall enquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frightened it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other Critics) am something a better Judge than all the Man-Midwives and Presbyterian Parsons † that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too) I dare say not; your Vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow; I mean not only we that write, but all the *we's* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you. ‡ I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern bishops at this distance.

I can

† The Reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.

‡ I had sent him my first idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a short argument.

I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and no body there will understand a word we say or write.

L E T T E R XXV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, May, 1757.

YOU are so forgetful of me that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the better for it. Yet I hear nothing from him neither, in spite of his promises: there is no faith in man, no not in a Welchman; and yet Mr. Parry * has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choak you, as have set all this learned Body a dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has put my Ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion. 'Tis to him, therefore, that you owe the treat

B 4

which

* A capital performer on the Welch Harp, and who was either born blind, or had been so from his infancy.

which I send you enclosed ; namely, the breast and merry-thought, and rump too of the chicken which I have been chewing so long, that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel.

You will observe, in the beginning of this thing, some alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes ; yet I have not got rid of them all ; the six last lines of the fifth stanza are new, tell me whether they will do. I am well aware of many weakly things towards the conclusion, but I hope the end itself will do ; give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd himself allows that *Lyon port* is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch Ballad on which Douglas * was founded ; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aston. Have you never seen it ? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a manner that shews the Author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play : you may read it two thirds through without guessing what it is about ; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas.

L E T.

* He had a high opinion of this first Drama of Mr. Home. In a letter to another friend, dated August 10, this year, he says, " I am greatly struck with the Tragedy of Douglas, " though it has infinite faults : the Author seems to me to have " retrieved the true Language of the stage, which had been " lost for these hundred years ; and there is one scene (between " Matilda and the old Peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me " blind to all the defects in the world." The Ballad, which he here applauds, is to be found in Mr. Percy's *Reliques of antient Poetry*, vol. III. p. 89, a work published after the date of this letter.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. HURD.

Stoke, August 25, 1757.

I Do not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to *; but attribute it to the excess of your politeness; and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all People of Condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great Man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty questions* to ask. Another (a Peer) believes that the last Stanza of the second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but an Actor and a Doctor of Divinity that profess their esteem for them †. Oh

B 5

yes,

* A present of his two Pindaric Odes just then published.

† An extract from a letter to Doctor Wharton, dated October 7, 1757, will explain this: "Dr. Warburton is come to town, and I am told likes them extremely; he says the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for that in other things they have affected to like or dislike: whereas here they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true; but yet thinks they understand them as well as Milton or Shakespear, whom they are obliged, by fashion, to admire. Mr. Garrick's complimentary

yes, a Lady of quality, (a friend of Mason's) who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakespear or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too, for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly enquired after) is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.

"mentary verses to me you have seen; I am told they were
 "printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Critical Re-
 "view is in raptures; but mistakes the *Æolian Lyre* for the
 "Harp of *Æolus*, and on this pleasant error founds both a com-
 "pliment and a criticism. This is all I have heard that signifies
 "any thing."

LET-

L E T T E R XXVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, Sept. 28, 1757.

I Have (as I desired Mr. Stonhewer to tell you) read over *Caractacus* twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion. You may say what you will; but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond the dramatic part * of your *Elfrida*, many many leagues. I even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the *World* will like it better. I am struck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action; and have (beside the *Costume*, which is excellent) as much a character of their own, as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman General, and spit in his face. But now I am going to tell you what

* In the manuscript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the first Ode, the others were not then written; and although the dramatic part was brought to a conclusion, yet it was afterwards in many places altered. He was mistaken with regard to the opinion the world would have about it. That world, which usually loves to be led in such matters, rather than form an opinion for itself, was taught a different sentiment; and one of its leaders went so far as to declare, that he never knew a second work fall so much below a first from the same hand. To oppose Mr. Gray's judgment to his, I must own gives me some satisfaction; and to enjoy it I am willing to risk that imputation of vanity, which may probably fall to my share for having published this Letter. I must add, however, that some of my friends advised it for the sake of the more *general* criticisms which they thought too valuable to be suppressed.

what touches me most from the beginning. The first opening is greatly improved: the curiosity of Didius is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him; nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons. They interest me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that nobody knew: one could not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to Evelina, *Peace, virgin, peace, &c.* and chiefly the *abstract idea personified* (to use the words of a Critic) at the end of it. That of Caractacus, *Would save my Queen, &c.* and still more that, *I know it, reverend Fathers, 'tis Heaven's high will, &c. to P'we done, begin the rites!* This latter is exemplary for the expression (always the great point with me); I do not mean by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought. Here, in particular, it is the brokenness, the ungrammatical position, the total subversion of the period that charms me. All that ushers in the incantation from *Try we yet, what holiness can do*, I am delighted with in quite another way? for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper transition, and leading on the mind to that still purer poetry that follows it.

In the beginning of the succeeding act I admire the Chorus again, *Is it not now the hour, the holy hour, &c.* and their evasion of a lie, *Say'st thou, proud Boy, &c. and sleep with the unsun'd silver*, which is an example of a dramatic simile. The sudden appearance of Caractacus, the pretended respect and admiration of Vellinus, and the probability of his story, the distrust of the Druids, and
their

their reasoning with Caractacus, and particularly that, *'Tis meet thou should'st, thou art a King, &c.* and *Mark me, Prince, the time will come, when Destiny, &c.* are well and happily imagined. A-propos of the last striking passage I have mentioned, I am going to make a digression.

When we treat a subject, where the manners are almost lost in antiquity, our stock of ideas must needs be small; and nothing betrays our poverty more, than the returning to, and harping frequently on, one image. It was therefore I thought you should omit some lines before, though good in themselves, about the *scythed car*, that the passage now before us might appear with greater lustre when it came; and in this I see you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there still, that occur too often, particularly about the *Oaks*, some of which I would discard to make way for the rest.

But the subjects I speak of to compensate (and more than compensate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great advantage when they fall into good hands. They leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction (our favourite provinces) where no Critic can molest, or Antiquary gainsay us; and yet (to please me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming *connexion*, with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my days that Midnight and the Moon were Sisters; that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain: but now I could lay my life it is all true; and do not doubt it will be found so in some Pantheon of the Druids, that is to be discovered in the Library at Herculaneum. The *Car of Destiny and Death* is a very noble invention

tion of the same class, and, as far as that goes, is so fine, that it makes me more delicate, than perhaps I should be, about the close of it. *Andraſte ſailing on the wings of Fame*, that ſnatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loſtiefſt Amaranth, though a clear and beautiful piece of *unknown* Mythology, has too *Greek* an air to give me perfect ſatisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though ſo much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina and her ſuſpicions of the Brothers, mixed with a ſecret inclination to the younger of them, (though, I think, her part throughout wants retouching) yet pleaſe me much, and the contrivance of the following ſcene much more. *Maſters of Wiſdom, no, &c.* I always admired; as I do the rocking ſtone, and the diſtreſs of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented ſcene, and will be, with a little pains, a very touching one: but the introduction of Arviragus is ſuperlative. I am not ſure whether thoſe few lines of his ſhort narrative, *My ſtrength repair'd, it boots not, that I tell, &c.* do not pleaſe me as much as any thing in the whole Drama. The ſullen bravery of Elidurus, the menaces of the Chorus, that *Think not, Religion, &c.* the Trumpet of the Druids, that *I'd follow him, tho' in my chains, &c.* *Halt thou a Brother, no, &c.* the placability of the Chorus, when they ſee the motives of Elidurus's obſtinacy, give me great contentment: ſo do the reflections of the Druid on the neceſſity of luſtration, and the reaſons for Vellinus's eaſy eſcape; but I would not have him *ſeize on a ſpear, nor iſſue haſty thro' the cavern's mouth.* Why ſhould he not ſteal away, unasked and unmiſſed, till the hurry of paſſions in thoſe, that ſhould have guarded him, was a
little

little abated? But I chiefly admire the two speeches of Elidurus; *Ah, Vellinus, is this then, &c.* and, *Ye do gaze on me, Fathers, &c.* the manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine; but the image at the end wants a little mending. The next scene is highly moving! it is so very good, that I must have it made yet better.

Now for the last act. I do not know what you would have; but to me the design and contrivance of it is at least equal to any part of the whole. The short-lived triumph of the Britons, the address of Caractacus to the Roman Victims, Evelina's discovery of the ambush, the mistake of the Roman fires for the rising sun, the death of Arviragus, the interview between Didius and Caractacus, his mourning over his dead Son, his parting speech, (in which you have made all the use of Tacitus that your plan would admit) every thing, in short, but that little dispute between Didius and him; *'Tis well; and therefore to encrease that reverence, &c.* down to, *Give me a moment* (which must be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druids) I approve in the highest degree. If I should find any fault with the last act, it could only be with trifles and little expressions. If you make any alterations, I fear it will never improve it; I mean as to the plan. I send you back the two last sheets, because you bid me. I reserve my nibblings and minutiae for another day.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.

A Life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniencies, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection, (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it) does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the nights pass, and I am never

ver

ver the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you so to do while you can. I expect to see Caractacus compleated, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the Edda, without entering too minutely on particulars: but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid-stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the Critics to fasten on.

I send you back the Elegy * as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on Criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not
you

* Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.

you forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes) ; the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them ? All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the work line in it †. It is flat ; it is prose ; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apothegm : stick a flower in it ; gild it with a costly expression ; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say further, than as it coincides with your own judgment ; for the child deserves your partiality ; it is a healthy well-made boy with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *parv* words.

I hope you couched my refusal * to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know ; for I interest myself a little in the history
of

† It was endeavoured to be improved accordingly ; how it stood when this criticism upon it was written, I cannot now recollect.

* Of being Poet Laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray ; and his Lordship had commissioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it.

of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

February 21, 1758.

WOULD you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employments cheap enough; but every one must judge of his own *capability*, and *cut* his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it does or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say this is the object of all Antiquaries; but pray what Antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? In short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my list* is finished

* He wrote it, under its several divisions, on the blank pages of a pocket Atlas. I printed lately a few copies of this catalogue for the use of some friends curious in such matter; and, when I am sufficiently furnished with their observations and improvements

finished you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the freezing point; and for some hours of the day this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a few degrees higher.

I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary bird will not be the ruin of Agis: it is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it is by the Author of Douglas.

L E T T E R XXX.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Cambridge, March 8, 1758.

IT is indeed for want of spirits, as you suspect, that my studies lie among the Cathedrals, and the Tombs, and the Ruins. To think, though to little purpose, has been the chief amusement of my days; and when I would not, or cannot think, I dream. At present I feel myself able to write a Catalogue, or to read the Peerage book, or Miller's Gardening Dictionary, and am thankful that there are such employments and such authors in the world. Some people, who hold me cheap for this, are doing perhaps what is not half so well worth while. As to posterity, I may ask (with somebody whom I have forgot) what has it ever done to oblige me?

To make a transition from myself to as poor a subject, the Tragedy of Agis; I cry to think that it should be by the Author of Douglas: Why, it is

improvements upon it, shall perhaps reprint it, and give it to the public, as a shorter and more useful Pocket Companion to the English Traveller than has hitherto appeared.

is all modern Greek ; the story is an antique statue painted white and red, frized, and dressed in a negligée made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker. Then here is the Miscellany (Mr. Doddsley has sent me the whole set gilt and lettered, I thank him). Why, the two last volumes are worse than the four first ; particularly Dr. Akenfide is in a deplorable way *. What signifies Learning and the Antients, (Mason will say triumphantly) why should people read Greek to lose their imagination, their ear, and their mother tongue ? But then there is Mr. Shennstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better ? he goes hopping along his own gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost.

I have read Dr. Swift, and am disappointed †. There is nothing of the negotiations that I have not seen better in M. de Torcy before. The manner is careless, and has little to distinguish it from common writers. I meet with nothing to please me but the spiteful characters of the opposite party and its leaders. I expected much more secret history.

L E T.

* I have been told that this Writer, unquestionably a man of great learning and genius, entertained, some years before his death, a notion that Poetry was only true eloquence in metre ; and, according to this idea, wrote his Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, and afterwards made considerable alterations in that collection of Odes which he had published in the earlier part of his life. We have seen in the second letter of this section, that Mr. Gray thought highly of his descriptive talents at that time. We are not therefore to impute what he here says to any prejudice in the Critic, but to that change of taste in the Poet, which (if the above anecdote be true) would unavoidably flatten his descriptions, and divest them of all picturesque imagery : nay, would sometimes convert his verse into mere prose ; or, what is worse, hard inflated prose.

† His history of the four last years of Queen Anne.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. STONEHEWER.

Cambridge August 18, 1758.

I Am as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long-debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn with equal conviction, that we are not *merely* such: that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit*; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong) to that least material of all agents, a Thought. I have known many in his case, who while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full licence for doing whatever we please; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been), their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on any body that hurt them was nothing mitigated: In short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else

else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French Author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophist that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a Philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: First, he was a Lord; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners; Vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road is become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs and Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked: primness and affectation of style, like the good breeding of Queen Ann's Court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

It

It will, I think, be no improper supplement to the foregoing letter to insert a paper of Mr. Gray's, which contains some very pertinent strictures on the writings of a later Lord, who was pleased to attack the moral attributes of the Deity; or, what amounted to the same thing, endeavoured to prove, "that we have no adequate ideas of his goodness and justice, as we have of his natural ones, his wisdom and power." This position the excellent author of the View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy, calls the MAIN PILLAR of his system; and adds, in another place, that the FATE OF ALL RELIGION is included in this question. On this important point, therefore, that able Writer has dwelt largely, and confuted his Lordship effectually. Some sort of readers, however, who probably would slight that confutation, may regard the arguments of a Layman, and even a Poet, more than those which are drawn up by the pen of a Divine and a Bishop: It is for the use of these that the paper is published; who, if they learn nothing else from it, will find that Mr. Gray was not of their party, nor so great a wit as to disbelieve the existence of a Deity*.

"I will
* In one of his pocket books I find a slight sketch in verse of his own character, which may, on account of one line in it, come into a note here with sufficient propriety. It was written in 1761.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
NO VERY GREAT WIT, HE BELIEV'D IN A GOD.
A Post or a Pension he did not desire,
But left Church and State to Charles Townshend and Squire.

This

“ I will allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral, as well as physical, attributes of God must be known to us only à posteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other ; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them : His moral attributes being as much in his nature and essence as those we call his physical ; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this : His eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in every place, and always will, exist ; but because he gave and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness : It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatness or power ; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent ; There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those too vain ; for whither can they lead but to despair, and the sad desire of annihilation. “ If then justice and goodness be not the same in “ God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we “ say that God is necessarily just and good ; and “ for the same reason it may as well be said that we
 VOL. II. C “ know

This last line needs no comment for readers of the present time, and it surely is not worth while to write one on this occasion for posterity.

“ know not what we mean, when, according to
 “ Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we affirm that he is ne-
 “ cessarily a wise and intelligent Being.” What
 then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says
 every thing shews the wisdom of God ; and yet
 adds, every thing does not shew in like manner
 the goodness of God conformably to our ideas of
 this attribute in either ? By wisdom he must only
 mean, that God knows and employs the fittest means
 to a certain end, no matter what that end may be :
 This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelli-
 gence ; but these alone do not constitute wisdom ;
 the word implies the application of these fittest
 means to the best and kindest end : Or, who will
 call it true wisdom ? even amongst ourselves, it is
 not held as such. All the attributes then that he
 seems to think apparent in the constitution of things,
 are his unity, infinity, eternity and intelligence ;
 from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result
 any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on
 mankind, more than if He and all things round
 him were produced, as some have dared to think,
 by the necessary working of eternal matter in an
 infinite vacuum : For what does it avail to add in-
 telligence to those other physical attributes, unless
 that intelligence be directed, not only to the good
 of the whole, but also to the good of every individual
 of which that whole is composed ?

It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary,
 to say that human justice and the other virtues,
 which are indeed only various applications of human
 benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral
 attributes of the supreme Being : It is only by
 means of that resemblance, we conceive them in
 him, or their effects in his works : It is by the same
 means only, that we comprehend those physical at-
 tributes

tributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable: How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourselves are conscious? How of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in the Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from sensation, and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts; they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organized body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time? Either therefore there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all: He allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we do not know; how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other?

In vain then does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaston in that fine soliloquy: "Must I then bid my
 "last farewell to these walks when I close these lids,
 "and yonder blue regions and all this scene darken
 "upon me and go out? Must I then only serve to
 "furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these
 "herds and plants, or with this dirt under my feet?
 "Have I been set so far above them in life, only to

"be levelled with them in death?" No thinking head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection; or at least must feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it, when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and other *clods of earth*, are all connected in one immense design, that we are all *Dramatis Personæ*, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action: that it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immovable rock of tranquillity; secure, that if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which, he who complains, does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such the hope on which his tranquillity was founded †.

* Religion of Nature delineated. sect. 9, p. 209, quarto.

† The reader, who would chuse to see the argument, as Lord Bolingbroke puts it, will find it in the 4th volume of his *Philosophical Works*, sect. 40, 41. His ridicule on Wollaston is in the 30th section of the same volume.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Sunday, April 9, 1758.

I Am equally sensible of your affliction *, and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment; would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you when I most wanted it! but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour: What, indeed, is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us, that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition, is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered worse; or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrive at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need of support, and when he might chance to have been your *only* support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you

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might

* Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at the time his only) son.

might have lost him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father ! I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce ; but I think you must own the other to be a stronger and a more overwhelming sorrow. Let me then beseech you to try, by every method of avocation and amusement, whether you cannot, by degrees, get the better of that dejection of spirits, which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and throws a sort of voluntary gloom, not only over your present, but future days ; as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you ; and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know : the condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair ; and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution ; it is sure we have great power over our own minds, when we chuse to exert it ; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible, and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, which we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health : I will not talk to you more upon this subject till I hear you are both well ; for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing I can do*, could at all alleviate the just concern your loss has given you ; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified

I am

* His friend had requested him to write an Epitaph on the child.

I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way, much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration; but yet I affirm, that the faculty, in question, is by no means voluntary; it is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend of one's self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE*.

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I Do not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice near me to send you; they do not grow in the south; but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honeysuckles round a basin of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the *savage*, the *rude*, and the *tremendous*. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the

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wiser

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil: Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination *. God forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me, (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality) is it so much warmer on the other side of the Swale (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vast old oaks and thick groves in Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend

* Had this letter nothing else to recommend it, the advice here given to the curious traveller of making all his memoranda *on the spot*, and the reasons for it, are so well expressed, and withal so important, that they certainly deserve our notice.

tend my enquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melrose, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your Port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Stoke, Nov. 9, 1758.

I Should have told you that Caradoc came safe to hand*; but my critical faculties have been so taken up in dividing *nothing* with an old woman †, that they are not yet compos'd enough for a better and more tranquil employment: shortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to send this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuscripts by the post. While I am writing, your second packet is just arrived. I can only tell you in gross, that there seem to me certain passages altered which might as well have been let alone; and that I shall not be easily reconciled to Mador's own song §. I must not have my fancy rais'd to that agreeable pitch of heathenism and wild magical enthusiasm, and then have you let me drop into

C § moral

* A second manuscript of Caractacus with the Odes inserted.

† Mrs. Rogers died about this time, and left Mr. Gray and Mrs. Olliffe, another of his aunts, her joint executors.

§ He means here the second Ode, which was afterwards greatly altered.

moral philosophy and cold good sense. I remember you insulted me when I saw you last, and affected to call that which delighted my imagination *nonsense*: Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry, but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in. If you should lead me into a superb Gothic building with a thousand clustered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue saints that had neither head nor tail; and I should find the Venus of Medici in person, perked up in a long niche over the high altar, do you think it would raise or damp my devotions? I say that Mador must be entirely a Briton; and that his pre-eminence among his companions must be shewn by superior wildness, more barbaric fancy, and a more striking and deeper harmony both of words and numbers: if British antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, so much the clearer must the expression be, and so much the stronger and richer the imagery. There's for you now!

L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE.

London, July 24, 1759.

I Am now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford-gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world

by

by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blowed down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Museum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniencies.

I this day past through the jaws of a great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing; and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only fourscore; that they have 900 l. a year income, and spend 1300, and are building apartments for the underkeepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. **'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

London, June 22, 1760.

I Am not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you; and it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's self business, I am persuaded, is the great art of life; I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself: I say a man; for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper, they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine Ladies); a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As to myself, I have again found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room*, and hope that you will find at least an equal satisfaction at Old Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you, and only wish you may brew no worse than I bake.

You

* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal estate at Old Park, near Durham.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses : I know I am no conjurer in these things ; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined ; and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason when he tells me that he understands these things. The prophetic eye of taste (as Mr. Pitt called it) sees all the beauties, that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born ; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Cross-fell or Warden-law.

I am much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipped here and there) ; and it is strange to me that people, who would give thousands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors, done on the spot, and in strong, though simple colours. In the succeeding century Froissard, I find, was read with great satisfaction by every body that could read ; and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin : not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic historians ; to so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth. Pray, are you come to the
four

four Irish Kings that went to school to King Richard the Second's Master of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's Purgatory?

The town are reading the King of Prussia's Poetry (*Le Philosophe sans Souci*), and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am: It is all the scum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the Crambe-recocta of our worst Free-thinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book; one is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before: As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his sermons, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit*, and shew a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. STONHEWER.

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope

* Our author was of opinion, that it was the business of the Preacher rather to persuade by the power of eloquence to the practice of known duties, than to reason with the art of logic on points of controverted doctrine: Hence, therefore, he thought

hope) will have all the success it deserves *. It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert †, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course : it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the Letter to Rousseau is like himself ; and the Discourses on Elocution, and on the Liberty of Music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus ; and (what is remarkable) though that Author's manner more nearly resembles the best French Writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault or that of the language ?

I have received another Scotch packet † with a third specimen, inferior in kind, (because it is merely

thought that, sometimes imagination might not be out of its place in a sermon. But let him speak for himself in an extract from one of his letters to me in the following year : " Your quotation from Jeremiah Taylor is a fine one, I have long thought of reading him ; for I am persuaded that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the revolution, is not the thing ; but that imagination and warmth of expression, are in their place there, as much as on the stage ; moderated, however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of religion."

* Mr. Stonhewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.

† Two subsequent volumes of his " Melanges de Literature & Philosophie."

† Of the fragments of Erse Poetry, many of which Mr. Gray saw in manuscript before they were published. In a letter

merely description) but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards pass the night at the Castle of a Chief (himself a principal Bard) ; each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest-month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan ; yet there is a contrivance and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees Ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

Ghosts

to Dr. Wharton, written in the following month, he thus expresses himself on the same subject : “ If you have seen Mr. Stonhewer, he has probably told you of my old Scotch (or rather Irish Poetry), I am gone mad about them ; they are said to be translations (literal and in prose) from the Erse tongue, done by one Macpherson, a young clergyman in the Highlands : He means to publish a collection he has of these specimens of antiquity, if it be antiquity ; but what perplexes me is, I cannot come at any certainty on that head. I was so struck with their beauty, that I writ into Scotland to make a thousand enquiries ; the letters I have in return, are ill wrote, ill reasoned, unsatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive, and yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. In short, the whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments counterfeit ; but the internal is so strong on the other side, that I am resolved to believe them genuine, spite of the Devil and the Kirk : it is impossible to conceive that they were written by the same man that writes me these letters ; on the other hand, it is almost as hard to suppose (if they are original) that he should be able to translate them so admirably. In short, this man is the very dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages. The Welch Poets are also coming to light ; I have seen a discourse in manuscript about them, by one Mr. Evans, a clergyman, with specimens of their writing, this is in Latin ; and though it does not approach the other, there are fine scraps among it.”

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night :
 Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind ;
Their songs are of other worlds !

Did you never observe (*while rocking winds are piping loud*) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp ? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes : he was not deaf to this ; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines : it is in his *Winter*. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
 And lash the rocky sides.
 The boat is brim-full in the cove,
 The oars on the rocking tide.
 Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
 And eyes the rolling stream :
 Her Lover promised to come,
 She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake ;
Are these his groans in the gale ?
*Is this his broken boat on the shore ? **

L E T-

* The whole of this descriptive piece has been since published in a note to a Poem, entitled *CROMA*, (see Ossian's Poems, vol. 1st, p. 350, 8vo.) It is somewhat remarkable that the manuscript in the translator's own hand, which I have in my possession, varies considerably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuscript, *the spirit of the mountain shrieks*. In the Tragedy of Douglas, published at least three years

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. CLARKE*.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkeness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is, racketing about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits; especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill † like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is no body in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without Inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. * * † (one of its nuisances) is not expected

years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry spirit of the water shriek'd*. Quere, Did Mr. Home take this sublime image from Ossian, or has the translator of Ossian since borrowed it from Mr. Home?

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley

† Vide Letter XI. of this Section.

expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a Turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off.—They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

Cambridge, Aug. 20, 1760.

I Have sent Musæus * back as you desired me, scratched here and there. And with it also a bloody Satire †, written against no less persons than you and I by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. * * *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favorite Minions of Taste and of Fashion, especially as to Odes. For
to

* I had desired Mr. Gray to revise my Monody on Mr. Pope's Death, in order that I might correct it for the edition I was then preparing of my Poems.

† The Parodies in question, entitled Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion, were written by Mess. Lloyd and Colman, and have been reprinted since in Mr. Lloyd's Poems.

to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not him, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the *Connoisseur*, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Let people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our Lyricisms at their finger ends) letters come out in Lloyd's Evening-Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the Literary World. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible * The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling; if I come I will set fire to it. I will never believe the B * *s and the C * *s are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The

* Had Mr. Pope sat as easy to the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as Mr. Gray here appears to have done, the world would not have been possessed of a *Dunciad*; but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its Author's temper. It is for the sake of shewing how Mr. Gray felt on such occasions, that I publish this letter.

The Erse Fragments have been published five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till the other day. As you tell me new things do not reach you soon at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow, when you tell me whether you have not got the pamphlet already. I send the two to Mr. Wood which I had before, because he has not *the affectation of not admiring* *. I have another from Mr. Macpherson, which he has not printed; it is mere description, but excellent too in its kind. If you are good and will learn to admire, I will transcribe and send it.

As to their authenticity, I have made many enquiries, and have lately procured a letter from Mr. David Hume, (the historian) which is more satisfactory than any thing I have yet met with on that subject. He says,

“ Certain it is that these poems are in every
 “ body’s mouth in the Highlands, have been handed
 “ down from Father to Son, and are of an age be-
 “ yond all memory and tradition. Adam Smith,
 “ the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me, that
 “ the Piper of the Argyleshire Militia repeated to
 “ him all those which Mr. Macpherson had trans-
 “ lated, and many more of equal beauty. Major
 “ Mackay (Lord Rae’s brother) told me that he re-
 “ members them perfectly well; as likewise did the
 “ Laird of Macfarlane, (the greatest Antiquarian
 “ we have in this country) and who insists strongly
 “ on the historical truth, as well as the poetical
 “ beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird
 “ and

* It was rather a want of credulity than admiration, that Mr. Gray should have laid to my charge. I suspected that, whether the Fragments were genuine or not, they were by no means literally translated. I suspect so still; and a former note gives a sufficient cause for that suspicion. See page 41.

“ and Lady Macleod, with many more, that live in
 “ different parts of the Highlands, very remote from
 “ each other, and could only be acquainted with
 “ what had become (in a manner) national works*.
 “ There is a country Surgeon in Lochaber, who
 “ has by heart the entire Epic Poem mentioned by
 “ Mr. Macpherson in his preface; and, as he is
 “ old, is perhaps the only person living that knows
 “ it all, and has never committed it to writing, we
 “ are in the more haste to recover a monument,
 “ which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in
 “ the Republic of Letters: we have therefore set
 “ about a subscription of a guinea or two guineas
 “ a-piece, in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to
 “ undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover
 “ this poem, and other fragments of antiquity.”
 He adds too, that the names of Fingal, Ossian,
 Oscar, &c. are still given in the Highlands to large
 Maltiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar,
 Pompey, Hector, &c.

* All this external evidence and much more has since been
 collected and published by Dr. Blair (see his Appendix to his
 Critical Dissertation on the works of Ossian); and yet notwith-
 standing a later Irish writer has been hardy enough to assert, that
 the Poems in question abound with the strangest anachronisms:
 for instance, that Cucullin lived in the first, and Fingal in the
 third century; two princes who are said to have made war with
 the Danes, a nation never heard of in Europe till the ninth;
 which war could not possibly have happened till 500 years after
 the death of the supposed Poet who sings it. (See O'Halloran's
 Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of
 Ireland, quarto, 1772.) To whatever side of the question truth
 may lean, it is of little moment to me; my doubts arising (as I
 have said in the former note) from internal evidence only, and a
 want of proof of the fidelity of the translation.

L E T T E R XL.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON:

London, 1761.

I Rejoice to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: It is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent-Garden. I will not, however, believe in the *vocality* of Old Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust to my own ears.

The Nouvelle Heloise cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, amongst which are Mason and Mr. Hurd; for me, I admire nothing but Fingal * (I conclude you have seen it, if not Stoneyhewer can lend it you); yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the

* In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had sent Fingal down to him, he says, "For my part I will stick to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worse for him (the translator) than for me. The Epic Poem is foolishly so called, yet there is a sort of plan and unity in it very strange for a barbarous age; yet what I more admire are some of the detached pieces—the rest I leave to the discussion of antiquarians and historians; yet my curiosity is much interested in their decision." No man surely ever took more pains with himself to believe any thing, than Mr. Gray seems to have done on this occasion.

the world ; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable ; *je m'y perds*.

I send you a Swedish and English Calendar * ; the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus ; the second by Mr. Stillingfleet ; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations, and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam, all the country about it is a dead flat ; you see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place) ; and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this Philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him ; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always chearful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man : his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages ; and this he has got proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it into execution, as he is himself a botanist.

* See Stillingfleet's Tracts, p. 261.

L E T T E R XLI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

London, Jan. 22, 1761.

I Cannot pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston, when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. All I can say for myself is, that I was confined for three weeks at home by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do: There is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken) in any private family; yet these events are so put together, that the series of them is more absurd and more improbable than *Amadis de Gaul*. The *dramatis personæ* (as the author says) are all of them good characters; I am sorry to hear it: for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume, nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on and on, in hopes of finding some wonderful *dénouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity: no such thing, it grows worse and worse; and (if it be *Rousseau's*, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw, that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents. By the motto and preface, it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it*.

VOL. II.

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The

* If it be considered that Mr. Gray always preferred expression and sentiment to the arrangement of a story, it may seem somewhat extraordinary that the many striking beauties of these kinds, with which this singular work abounds, were not excepted from so general a censure; for my own part (to use a phrase of his own) "they strike me blind" to all the defects which he has here enumerated.

The Opera-House is crowded this year like any ordinary Theatre. Elisi is finer than any thing that has been here in your memory : yet, as I suspect, has been finer than he is : he appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure ; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember Operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of execution : of these he has absolutely none ; whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm ; his point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short) are evidently directed : He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli ; but then this celestial note you do not hear above once in a whole Opera ; and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei, I assure you, is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter ; but then the Burlettas, and the Paganina, I have not been so pleased with any thing these many years : She too is fat, and above forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations : She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action that the Spiletta had ; yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful ; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing : Good God——as Mr. Richardson the painter says. Pray, ask Lord * ; for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

August, 1761.

BE assured your York Canon never will die ; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you *. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor: Age and Diseases vanish at your name ; Fevers turn to radical heat, and Fistulas to issues: it is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it ; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to Lord * * * * on his recovery ; and he answers me very chearfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it (he says) not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed ; but by going with Ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old Alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land, (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison) and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he eat one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at

D 2

Bellisle.

* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Residentiary in his Cathedral.

Bellisle *. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams so slightly as I did : but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt : however, I have shewed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

I Feel very ungrateful every day that I continue silent ; and yet now that I take my pen in hand, I have only time to tell you, that of all the places which I saw in my return from you, Hardwicke pleased me the most †. One would think that Mary, Queen of Scots, was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour ; her gallery, her room of audience, her antichamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them : a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable ; and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter.

When I arrived in London I found Professor Turner ‡ had been dead above a fortnight ; and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though

* See p. 202 of the Poems.

† A seat of the Duke of Devonshire, in Nottinghamshire.

‡ Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Cambridge.

(though it was rather the latest) I got my name suggested to Lord Bute. You may easily imagine who undertook it, and indeed he did it with zeal †. I received my answer very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his desire to serve me on future occasions, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason : so you see I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead. This nothing is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now. To-day I hear Mr. E. Delaval * has got it, but we are not yet certain ; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me you know the reason ; and if I approve it, you will think I have my expectations still. All I know is, that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwick both say it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

† This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. As this was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to ministry, I thought it necessary to insert his own account of it. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

* Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

February 8, 1763.

DOCTISSIME Domine, anne tibi arident *complimenta*? * If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verge d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended translation of Sigr. Agostino Paradisi; for my part, I am ravished (for I too have my share). Are you upon the road to see all these wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa; or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for your coming.

I am obliged to you for your Drawing, and very *learned* dissertation annexed †. You have made out your

* William Taylor Howe, Esq; of Ongar in Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was now on his travels in Italy, where he had made an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Algarotti, and had recommended him to Mr. Gray's Poems and my Dramas. After the perusal he received a Letter from the Count, written in that style of superlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. A copy of this letter Mr. Howe had just now sent to our common friend Mr. Brown, then President of the College; and also another of the Count's addressed to Sigr. Paradisi, a Tuscan Poet; in which, after explaining the arguments of my two Dramatic Poems, he advises him to translate them; but principally *Caractacus*.—This anecdote not only explains the above paragraph, but the subsequent Letter.

† This relates to the ruin of a small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of the cathedral at York, not noticed by Drake in his *Eboracum*. When Mr. Gray made me a visit at that place the summer before, he was much struck with the beautiful proportion of the windows in it, which induced me to get Mr. Paul Sandby to make a drawing of it; and also to endeavour, in a Letter to Mr. Gray, to explain to what foundation it belonged.

As

your point with a great degree of probability, (for tho' the *nimis adhæsit* might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again) and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre. But then, that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think: I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very Archbishop: they are truly Saxon; only that the arches are pointed, though very obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground: it is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, compleated it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was Archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39 Henry III); and in this reign it was, that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear. The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days; whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this building, that the round arches appear including a row of pointed ones, (which you mention, and which I also observed) similar to those in St. Sepulchre's chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The

D 4

same

As his answer contains some excellent general remarks on Gothic building, I thought proper to publish it, tho' the particular matter which occasioned them was not of any great consequence.

same thing is repeated in the north transept ; but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity ; for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died in 1295.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived and died, 1185) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and aukward ornaments : and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountain's abbey, &c. then all at once come in the tall picked arches, the light clustered columns, the capitals of curling foilage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, &c. that constitute the good Gothic style ; together with decreasing and flying buttresses, and pinnacles, on the outside. Nor must you conclude any thing from Roger's own tomb, which has (I remember) a wide surbated arch with scalloped ornaments, &c. for this can be no older than the nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after Roger's death.

I have compared Helvetius and Elfrida, as you desired me *, and find thirteen parallel passages ; five of which, at least, are so direct and close as to leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm all

* As the plagiarism, to which Mr. Gray here alludes, is but little known, and, I think, for its singularity, is somewhat curious, I shall beg the reader's patience while I dilate upon it ; tho' I am aware it will stretch this note to an unconscionable length. M. Helvetius, in the third chapter of his third Essay de l'Esprit, which treats of the Extent of Memory, means to prove that this faculty, in the extreme, is not necessary to constitute a great Genius. For this purpose he examines whether the greatness of the very different talents of Locke and of Milton ought

all the rest. It is a phænomenon that you will be in the right to inform yourself about, and which I long to understand. Another phænomenon is, that I read it without finding it out : all I remember is,

D 5

that

ought to be considered as the effect of their possessing this talent in an extraordinary degree. He then proceeds as follows :

“ As the last example of the small extent of memory necessary to a fine imagination, I shall give in a note *the translation of a piece of English poetry* ; which, with the preceding, will, I believe, prove to those who would decompose the works of illustrious men, that a great genius does not necessarily suppose a great memory.” I now set down that note with references to *Elfrida* underneath it, and I chuse to give it in the English translation printed in 1759, that the parallel passages may be the more obvious at first sight. “ A young Virgin, awaked and guided by Love, goes before the appearance of Aurora to a valley, where she waits for the coming of her Lover, who, at the rising of the sun, is to offer a sacrifice to the Gods. Her soul, in the soft situation in which she is placed by the hopes of approaching happiness, indulges, while waiting for him, the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of Nature, and the rising of that luminary that was to bring the object of her tenderness.” She expresses herself thus :

“ *Already the Sun gilds the tops of those antique Oaks, and the waves of those falling torrents that roar among the rocks shine with his beams ; already I perceive the summit of those shaggy mountains whence arise the vaults which, half-concealed in the air, offer a formidable retreat to the Solitary who there retires (a.)* Night folds up her veil. *Ye wanton fires, that mislead the wandering traveller, retire (b) to the quagmires and marshy fens ; and thou* ^{sun,}

(a) How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Emboss yon fair mansion !

— On the shaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents rear around ;
Where pendent mountains o'er your head
Stretch a formidable shade—
Where lull'd in pious Peace the Hermit lies.

(b) Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt—

that I thought it not at all *English*, and did not much like it; and the reason is plain, for the lyric flights and

"sun, lord of the heavens, who fillest the air with reviving heat,
 "who sowest with dewy pearls the flowers of these meadows, and
 "givest colours to the varied beauties of nature, receive my first ho-
 "mage (c), and hasten thy course. Thy appearance proclaims
 "that of my lover. Freed from the pious cares that detain him still
 "at the foot of the altars, love will soon bring him to mine (d). Let
 "all around me partake of my joy. Let all bless the rising lu-
 "minary by which we are enlightened. Ye flowers that inclose
 "in your bosoms the odours that cool night condenses there,
 "open your buds, and exhale in the air your balmy vapours.
 "I know not whether the delightful intoxication that possesses
 "my soul, does not embellish whatever I behold; but the rivulet,
 "that in pleasing meanders winds along this valley, enchants
 "me with his murmurs. Zephyrus caresses me with his breath;
 "the fragrant plants, pressed under my feet, waft to my senses their
 "perfume. Oh! if Felicity sometimes condescends to visit the abode
 "of mortals, to these places, doubtless, she retires (e). But with
 "what secret trouble am I agitated? Already Impatience mingles
 "its poison with the sweetness of my expectation. This val-
 "ley has already lost all its beauties. Is Joy then so fleeting?
 "It is as easy to snatch it from us, as for the light down of these plants
 "to

(c) Hail to thy living light

Ambrosial morn—

That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,

And dart around its vermeil dies—

Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,

Where, thron'd in artless majesty,

The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.—

(d) 'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind

Shall lose in sweet oblivion every care

Among th' embowering shades that veil Elfrida.

(e) The soft air

Salutes me with most cool and temperate breath,

And, as I tread, the flow'r-besprinkled lawn

Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,

If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,

This was her place of dearest residence.

and choral flowers suited not in the least with the circumstances or character of the speaker, as he had contrived it.

L E T-

“to be blown away by the breath of the Zephyrs (f.) In vain have I
 “recourse to flattering Hope. Each moment encreases my distur-
 “bance. He will come no more. Who keeps him at a distance
 “from me? What duty more sacred than that of calming the
 “inquietudes of Love! But what do I say? *Fly jealous suspi-*
 “*cions, injurious to his fidelity (g), and formed to extinguish my*
 “*tenderness. If Jealousy grows by the side of Love, it will stif-*
 “*le it, if not pulled up by the roots; it is the Ivy which, by a verdant*
 “*chain, embraces, but dries up the trunk which serves for its sup-*
 “*port (h).* I know my Lover too well to doubt of his tenderness.
 “He, like me, has, far from the pomp of courts, sought the
 “tranquil asylum of the fields. Touched by the simplicity of
 “my heart, and by my beauty, my sensual rivals call him in
 “vain to their arms. Shall he be seduced by the advances of
 “coquetry, *which, on the cheek of the young maid, tarnishes the snow*
 “*of innocence and the carnation of modesty, and daubs it with the*
 “*whiteness of art and the paint of effrontery (i)?* What do I say?
 “his contempt for her is perhaps only a snare for me. Can I
 “be ignorant of the partiality of men, and the arts they employ
 “to seduce us? Nourished in a contempt for our Sex, it is not
 “Us, it is their pleasures that they love. Cruel as they are,
 “they have placed in the rank of the virtues the barbarous fury
 “of

(f) For Safety now sits wav'ring on your love,
 Like the light down upon the thistle's beard,
 Which ev'ry breeze may part.

(g) Avaunt! ye vain delusive fears.

(h) See, Elfrida;

Ah see! how round yon branching Elm the Ivy
 Clasps its *green chain*, and poisons what supports it.
 Not less injurious to the shoots of Love
 Is sickly Jealousy.

(i) — To guard
 Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.
 The crimson blush of virgin Modesty,
 The delicate soft tints of Innocence,
 There all fly off, and leave no boast behind
 But well-rang'd faded features.

L E T T E R XLV.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BROWN. *

February, 17, 1763.

YOU will make my best acknowledgments to Mr. Howe; who, not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is so polite as to make excuses for having done me that honour.

I was

* Now Master of Pembroke-Hall.

“ of revenge, and the mad love of their country; but never have
 “ they reckoned fidelity among the virtues. Without remorse
 “ they abuse innocence, and often their vanity contemplates
 “ our griefs with delight. But no; fly far from me, ye odious
 “ thoughts, my Lover will come! A thousand times have I ex-
 “ perienced it: *As soon as I perceive him my agitated mind is calm,*
 “ *and I often forget the too just cause I have for complaint; for near*
 “ *him I can only know happiness* ^(k.) Yet if he is treacherous to
 “ me; if, in the very moment when my love excuses him, he
 “ consummates the crime of infidelity in another bosom, may all
 “ nature take up arms in revenge! may he perish! What do I
 “ say? *Ye Elements, be deaf to my cries! Thou Earth, open not thy*
 “ *profound abyss! let the Monster walk the time prescribed him on*
 “ *thy splendid surface, let him still commit new crimes, and still cause*
 “ *the tears of the too credulous maids to flow; and if heaven avenges*
 “ *them and punishes him, may it at least be at the prayer of some other*
 “ *unfortunate woman* ^(l.).”

^(k) — My truant heart

Forgets each lesson that Resentment taught,

And in thy sight knows only to be happy.

In the French it is more literal, “ *Pres de lui je ne sçais qu’être heureuse.*”

^(l) Till then, ye Elements, rest; and thou, firm Earth,

Ope not thy yawning jaws; but let this Monster

Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface:

Yes, let him still go on, still execute

His savage purposes, and daily make

More widows weep, as I do.

Here

I was not born so far from the sun, as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years, or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in question, as their motto shews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone*. How few they were in my own country, Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger, distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe.

I am equally pleased with the just applause he bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on his *Caractacus*, which is the work of a Man: whereas *Elfrida* is only that of a Boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius: yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparison.

Neither Count Algarotti nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of Ossian, the Son of Fingal. If
Mr. Howe

Here ends this odd instance of plagiarism. When M. Helvetius was in England, a year or two after I had made the discovery of it, I took my measures, as Mr. Gray advised me, to learn how he came by it; and accordingly requested two Noblemen, to whom he was introduced, to ask him some questions concerning it; but I could gain no satisfactory answer. I do not, however, by any means, suppose that the person who cooked up the disjointed parts of my Drama into this strange Fricassee, was M. Helvetius himself; I rather imagine (as I did from the first) that he was imposed upon by some young English traveller, who contrived this expedient in order to pass with him for a Poet. The great Philosopher, it is true, has in this note been proved to be *the receiver of Stolen Goods*; but out of respect to his numerous fashionable disciples, both abroad and at home, whose credit might suffer with that of their Master, I acquit him of what would only be held criminal at the Old Bailey, that he received these goods *knowing them to be stolen*.

Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards, I would send it to him in Italy. He would there see that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago, in all her pomp, on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is, that, without any respect of climates, she reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessities of life force every one to think and act much for himself.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Count A L G A R O T T I to Mr. G R A Y.

Pisa, 24 Aprile, 1763.

SONO stato lungo tempo in dubbio se un dilettante quale io sono, dovea mandare alcune sue coferelle a un Professore quale è V. S. Ill^{mo}, a un arbitro di ogni poetica eleganza. Nè ci volea meno che l'autorità del valorissimo Sig^r. How per persuadermi a ciò fare. V. S. Ill^{mo} accolga queste mie coferelle con quella medesima bontà con cui ha voluto accogliere quella lettera che dice pur poco delle tante cose, che fanno sentire alle anime armoniche di ammirabili suoi versi. Io farò per quanto io porrò, *Præco laudum tuarum*, e quella mia lettera si stamperà in un nuovo Giornale, che si fa in Venezia, intitolato *la Minerva*, perche sappia la Italia che la Inghilterra, ricca di un * Omero, di uno † Archimede, di un † Demostene, non manca del suo Pindaro. Al Sig^r. How le non saprei dire quanti obblighi io abbia, ma si maggiore è certamente quello di avermi presentato alla sua Musa, e
di

* Milton.

† Newton.

‡ Mr. Pitt.

di avermi procurato la occasione di poterla assicurare della perfetta ed altissima stima, con cui io ho l'onore di sottoscrivermi,

De V. S. Illus^{mo}

Devotif. &c.

ALGAROTTI.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 5, 1763.

YOU may well wonder at my long taciturnity. I wonder too, and know not what cause to assign; for it is certain I think of you daily. I believe it is owing to the nothingness of my history; for except six weeks that I passed in Town towards the end of the spring, and a little jaunt to Epsom and Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind, in a place where no events grow, tho' we preserve those of former days, by way of *Hortus ficcus* in our libraries.

I doubt you have not yet read Rousseau's *Emile*. Every body that has children should read it more than once: for tho' it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, tho' his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera, yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better expressed than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest men. Particularly I think he has observed children with more attention, and knows their meaning, and the working of their little passions, better than any other writer.

writer. As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book, I set them all at nought, and wish they had been omitted *.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. PALGRAVE †.

March, 1765.

MY instructions, of which you are so desirous, are two-fold: the first part relates to what is past, and that will be rather diffuse: the second, to that which is to come; and that we shall treat more succinctly, and with all due brevity.

First,

* That I may put together the rest of Mr. Gray's sentiments concerning this singular writer, I insert here an extract from a Letter of a later date, written to myself. "I have not read the *Philosophic Dictionary*. I can now stay with great patience for any thing that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is frippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's *Lettres de la Montagne*. Always excepting the *Contrat social*, it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality of the gospel. The latter (he would have you think) he believes was sent from God; and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture: this is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his *Emile*. The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have crept into the constitution of his country, which point, if you are concerned about it, he makes out very well; and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil*, who condemned his writings to the flames."

† Mr. Gray's correspondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.

First, when you come to Paris, you will not fail to visit the cloister of the Chartreuse, where Le Sueur (in the history of St. Bruno) has almost equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle, built by St. Louis : in the treasury is preserved one of the noblest gems of the Augustan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes, with admirable painted windows ; and at Fontainebleau, the remains of Francis the First's magnificence might give you some pleasure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuse, up the mountains : at your return out of Italy this will have little effect. At Turin you will visit the Capuchins' convent just without the city, and the Superga at no great distance, for the sake of the views. At Genoa observe the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly disposed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata observe the Moses breaking the tables, a chiaroscuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill lighted, but immense. At the Capuchins, the great Pietà of Annib. Caracci ; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani ; and the last works of Agostino Carocci at Modena *. I know not what remains

* When our Author was himself in Italy, he studied with much attention the different manners of the old masters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has set down several subjects

remains now, the flower of the collection is gone to Dresden. Bologna is too vast a subject for me to

subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed, and has affixed the names of different masters to each piece, to shew which of their pencils he thought would have been most proper to treat it. As I doubt not but this paper will be an acceptable present to the Reynolds's and West's of the age, I shall here insert it.

“ An Altar-Piece. ——— Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a distance, the Padre-Eterno indistinctly seen, and lost, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, supported on the wings of Seraphs, Christ, the principal figure, with an air of calm and serene majesty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their several places: near him an Angel of superior rank bearing the golden compasses, that Milton describes; beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbulent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A small Picture. ——— Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own shadow in the lake.

The famous Venus of this master, now in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciously Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming subject. M.

Another. ——— Domenichino.

Medea in a pensive posture, with revenge and maternal affection striving in her visage; her two children at play, sporting with one another before her. On one side a bust of Jason, to which they bear some resemblance.

A Statue. ——— Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment she returns to her senses; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

Vide Ovid. Met. lib. iii. l. 701, &c. M.

A Picture. ——— Salvator Rosa.

Æneas and the Sybil sacrificing to Pluto by torch-light in the wood, the assistants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, so as dimly to show the mouth of the cavern.

Sigismonda with the heart of Guiscardo before her. I have seen a small print on this subject, where the expression is admirable, said to be graven from a picture of Correggio.

Afterwards

to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to see them all. In coming down the Apennine you will see (if the sun shines) all

Afterwards when he had seen the original in the possession of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expressed the highest admiration of it; tho' we see, by his here giving it to Salvator Rosa, he thought the subject too horrid to be treated by Coreggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in question is not of his hand. M.

Another. ——— Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia asleep by the fountain-side, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

This subject has been often treated; once indeed very curiously by Sir Peter Lely, in the way of portrait, when his sacred Majesty Charles the Second represented Cymon, and the Dutchess of Cleveland and Mrs. Eleanor Gavin (in as indecent attitudes as his royal taste could prescribe) were Iphigenia and her attendants. M.

Another. ——— Domenichino, or the Caracci.

Electra with the urn, in which she imagined were her Brother's ashes, lamenting over them; Orestes smothering his concern.

Another. ——— Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they sleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another. ——— Nicolas Pouffin.

Alceſtis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngest of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do so, because the others are afflicted, than from any sense of the reason of their sorrow: her right arm should be round this, her left extended towards the rest, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and supported by the attendants.

Salvator Rosa.

Hannibal passing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another. ——— Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and stabbing herself at the same time.

N. Pouffin, or Le Sueur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a distance, starting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them seeing the action itself."

all Tuscany before. And so I have brought you to Florence, where to be sure there is nothing worth seeing. Secondly,

1. Vide, quodcunque videndum est.
2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.
3. Quodcunque videris, scribe & describe; memoriæ ne fide.
4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge.
5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, desere.
6. Eme, quodcunque emendum est; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, &c. only; but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; every thing you may want all your life long: but have a care of the custom-house:

Pray present my most respectful compliments to Mr. Weddell *. I conclude when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of the Apennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsancus (look in Cluver's Italy,) catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps strike over the Faro of Messina, and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracuse, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel riposo! Addio.

* William Weddell, Esq; of Newby in Yorkshire.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE *.

Glames-Castle, Sept. 8, 1765.

A Little journey I have been making to Arbroath, has been the cause that I did not answer your very obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his esteem, and has the frankness to tell me so, doubtless can need no excuses: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however distant from each other.

I fear I cannot, as I would wish, do myself the pleasure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol; this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will scarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My stay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time any business or invitation should call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commission to say, he shall be extremely glad to see you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular satisfaction to me to receive and thank you in person for the favourable sentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

* Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

L E T-

L E T T E R L.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Glames-Castle, Sept. 14, 1765.

I Deferred writing to you till I had seen a little more of this country than you yourself had seen; and now being just returned from an excursion, which I and Major Lyon had been making, into the Highlands, I sit down to give you an account of it. But first I must return to my journey hither, on which I shall be very short; partly because you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The first night we passed at Tweedmouth (77 miles;) the next at Edinburgh (53 miles); where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-Love, (Lord Blantyre's) where his Aunt lives: so that afternoon and all next day I had leisure to visit the Castle, Holyrood-House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's seat, &c. and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance), and nastiest (when near) of all capital cities. I supped with Dr. Robertson and other literati, and the next morning Lord Strathmore came for us. We crossed at the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl without a sail, and were tossed about rather more than I should wish to hazard again; lay at Perth, a large Scotch town with much wood about it, on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river. Next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner-time to Glames; being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles, which makes in all (from Hetton) 197 miles. The castle * stands in
Strathmore

* This is said to be the very Castle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.

Strathmore (i. e. the Great Valley) which winds about from Stonehaven on the east coast of Kincardine-shire, obliquely, as far as Stirling, near 100 miles in length, and from seven to ten miles in breadth, cultivated every where to the foot of the hills, on either hand, with oats or bere, a species of barley, except where the soil is mere peat-earth, (black as a coal) or barren sand covered only with broom and heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. Here and there appear, just above ground, the huts of the inhabitants, which they call Towns, built of, and covered with, turf? and among them, at great distances, the gentlemen's houses, with inclosures and a few trees round them.

Amidst these the Castle of Glames distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a great and thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers on the top. You descend to it gradually from the south, through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs 60 or 70 feet high, under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long; and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off on either hand towards the offices. These, as well as all the inclosures that surround the house, are bordered with three or four ranks of sycamores, ashes, and white poplars of the noblest height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are, that go off at right angles with the long one; small groves, and walled gardens, of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad-leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry-trees, laburnums, &c. all of great stature and size, which have not till this week begun to shew the least sense of morning frosts. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement, and grass-plats, adorned

adorned with statues of the four Stuart Kings, bordered with old silver firs and yew-trees, alternately, and opening with an iron palisade on either side to two square old-fashioned parterres surrounded by stone fruit-walls. The house, from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers a-top, and the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. You will comprehend something of its shape from the plan of the second floor, which I inclose. The wings are about 50 feet high; the body (which is the old castle, with walls 10 feet thick) is near 100. From the leads I see to the south of me (just at the end of the avenue) the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone, and slated, with a neat kirk and a small square tower (a rarity in this region). Just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a longer form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir. Beyond them, peep over the black hills of Sid-law, over which winds the road to Dundee. To the north, within about seven miles of me, begin to rise the Grampians, hill above hill, on whose tops three weeks ago I could plainly see some traces of the snow that fell in May last. To the east, winds away to the Strath, such as I have before described it, among the hills, which sink lower and lower as they approach the sea. To the west, the same valley (not plain, but broken, unequal ground) runs on for above 20 miles in view: there I see the crags above Dunkeld; there Beni-Gloe and Beni-More rise above the clouds; and there is that She-khallian, that spires into a cone above them all, and lies at least 45 miles, in a direct line, from this place.

Lord Strathmore, who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night

night among his husbandmen and labourers : he has near 2000 acres of land in his own hands, and is at present employed in building a low wall of four miles long, and in widening the bed of the little river Deane, which runs to south and south-east of the house, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in compleating, and must be three miles in length. All the Highlanders that can be got are employed in it ; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse songs all day long. The price of labour is eight pence a day ; but to such as will join together, and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, two shillings.

I must say that all his labours seem to prosper ; and my Lord has casually found in digging such quantities of shell-marl, as not only fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chestnuts, spruce-firs, &c. thick as they can stand, and whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous before he has determined where to plant them out ; the most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies west of the house, where (when the stone-walls of the meadows are taken away) the grounds naturally unequal, will have a very park-like appearance : they are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their trout-stream which joins the river Deane hard by. Pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequestered valley sheltered from all winds, thro' which it runs murmuring among great stones ; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the

rocky banks of the rivulet almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, and fir, that (though it seems to have no place or soil to grow in) yet has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade: you may continue along this gill, and passing by one end of the village and its church for half a mile, it leads to an opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. The weather, till the last week, has been in general very fine and warm; we have had no fires till now, and often have sat with the windows open an hour after sun-set: now and then a shower has come, and sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains, that finish as suddenly as they arose; but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole, I have been exceeding lucky in my weather, and particularly in my Highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of September, and continuing along the Strath to the west, passed through *Megill*, (where is the tomb of *Queen Wanders*, that ~~was~~ *was* ~~no dethe~~ *for nae gude that she did*; so the women there told me, I assure you) thro' Cowper of Angus: over the river Ila; then over a wide and dismal heath, fit for an assembly of witches, till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley, whose deep blue waters and green margin, with a gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert in which they were inclosed. The ground now grew unequal; the hills, more rocky, seemed to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, and (the sun then setting)

between

between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice, at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid in its course; it seemed to issue out of woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were over-hung by broken rocky crags of vast height; above them, to the west, the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. Down by the side of the river, under the thickest shades, is seated the town of Dunkeld; in the midst of it stands a ruined cathedral, the towers and shell of the building still entire: a little beyond it, a large house of the Duke of Athol, with its offices and gardens, extends a mile beyond the town; and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads, he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, which of itself is built of good white stone, and handsomely slated; so that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they come into it. Here we passed the night; if I told you how, you would bless yourself.

Next day we set forward to Taymouth, 27 miles farther west; the road winding through beautiful woods, with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from 3 to 400 feet over. The Strath-Tay, from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn, and spotted with groups of people, then in the midst of their harvest; on either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains that changed their face, and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed: in short, altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years, and at every step I wished for you. At the close of the

day we came to *Balloch* *, so the place was called ; but now *Taymouth*, improperly enough ; for here it is that the river issues out of Loch-Tay, a glorious lake 15 miles long and one mile and a half broad, surrounded with prodigious mountains ; there on its north-eastern brink, impending over it, is the vast hill of Lawers ; to the east is that enormous creature, *She-khallian* (i. e. the maiden's pap) spiring above the clouds : directly west, beyond the end of the lake, *Beni-More*, the great mountain rises to a most awful height, and looks down on the tomb of Fingal. Lord Breadalbane's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his house, offices, and a deer-park, about three miles round, occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth ; through it winds the Tay, which, by means of a bridge, I found here to be 156 feet over : his plantations and woods rise with the ground, on either side the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags that over-hang it : along them, on the mountain's side, runs a terrace a mile and a half long, that overlooks the course of the river. From several seats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences, you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like some huge river, and loses itself among the mountains that surround it ; at its eastern extremity, where the river issues out of it, on a peninsula, my Lord has built a neat little town and church with a high square tower : and just before it lies a small round island in the lake, covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some religious house.

Trees,

* Mr. Pennant in his tour in Scotland, explains this word " the Mouth of the Loch."

Trees, by the way, grow here to great size and beauty. I saw four old chesnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk and height ; one beech tree I measured that was 16 feet 7 inches in the girth, and, I guess, near 80 feet in height. The gardener presented us with peaches, nectarines, and plums from the stone-walls of the kitchen-garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls) ; the peaches were good, the rest well tasted, but scarce ripe ; we had also golden pippins from an espalier, not ripe, and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut : of the house I have little to say ; it is a very good nobleman's house, handsomely furnished and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. Of the Earl's taste I have not much more to say ; it is one of those noble situations that Man cannot spoil : it is however certain, that he has built an inn and a town just where his principal walks should have been, and in the most wonderful spot of ground that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn however we lay ; and next day returning down the river four miles, we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the government, and continued our way to *Logie-Rait*, just below which, in a most charming scene, the *Tummel*, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the *Tay*. We ferried over the *Tummel* in order to get into *Marshall Wade's* road, which leads from *Dunkeld* to *Inverness*, and continued our way along it toward the north : the road is excellent, but dangerous enough in consequence ; the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masked indeed by wood that finds means to grow where I could not stand, but very often quite naked and without any defence ; in such places we walked.

for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country, which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage: as evening came on, we approached the pass of Gillikrankie, where, in the year 1745, the Hessians, with their prince at their head, stopped short, and refused to march a foot farther.

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus Orci stands the solitary mansion of Mr. Robertson, of Fascey: close by it rises a hill covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal and all his family, frowning on the little mortals of modern days: from between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummel, and falls headlong down involved in white foam which rises into a mist all around it: but my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-Gloe, my return by another road to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Bram*, and the Rumbling Brig: in short, since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. In about a week I shall set forward, by the Stirling road, on my return all alone. Pray for me till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch, and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure.

LET.

L E T T E R L I.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Glames-Castle, Oct. 2. 1765.

I Must beg you would present my most grateful acknowledgments to your society for the public mark of their esteem, which you say they are disposed to confer on me *. I embrace, with so deep and just a sense of their goodness, the substance, of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for several years a member of the University of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had some thoughts of the profession) took a Bachelor of Laws degree there ; since that time, tho' long qualified by my standing, I have always neglected to finish my course, and claim my Doctor's degree : Judge, therefore, whether it will not look like a slight, and some sort of contempt, if I receive the same degree from a Siⁿer University. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a set of men, among whom I have passed so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life ; yet shall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the University of Aberdeen.

It is a pleasure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames ; you took me too literally, if you thought I meant in the least to discourage you in your pursuit

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suit

* The Marischal College of Aberdeen had desired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the subject, and this is the answer.

suit of poetry : all I intended to say was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undistinguishing desire of applause), or interest, or ambition has any place in the breast of a poet, he stands a great chance in these our days of being severely disappointed ; and yet, after all these passions are suppressed, there may remain in the mind of one, "*ingenti percussus amore*," (and such I take you to be) incitements of a better sort, strong enough to make him write verse all his life, both for his own pleasure and that of all posterity.

I am sorry for the trouble you have had to gratify my curiosity and love of superstition * ; yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I set forward on my way to England ; where if I can be of any little use to you, or should ever have the good fortune to see you, it will be a particular satisfaction to me. Lord Strathmore and the family here desire me to make their compliments to you.

P. S. Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults †.

* Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquisitive after the popular superstitions of the country : his correspondent sent him two books on this subject, foolish ones indeed, as might be expected, but the best that could be had ; a *History of Second-sight*, and a *History of Witches*.

† Mr. Beattie, it seems, in their late interview, had expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great Poet ; and pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious."

L E T T E R L I F.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, March 5, 1766.

I Am amazed at myself when I think I have never wrote to you ; to be sure it is the sin of witchcraft, or something worse. Had I been married, like Mason, some excuse might be made for it ; who (for the first time since that great event) has just thought fit to tell me that he never passed so happy a winter as the last, and this in spite of his anxieties, which he says might even make a part of his happiness ; for his wife is by no means in health, she has a constant cough : yet he is assured her lungs are not affected, and that it is nothing of the consumptive kind. As to me, I have been neither happy nor miserable ; but in a gentle stupefaction of mind, and very tolerable health of body hitherto. If they last, I shall not much complain. The accounts one has lately had from all parts, make me suppose you buried in the snow like the old Queen of Denmark. As soon as you are dug out, I should rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old Park.

Every thing is politics. There are no literary productions worth your notice, at least of our country. The French have finished their great Encyclopædia in 17 volumes ; but there are many flimsy articles very hastily treated, and great incorrectness of the press. There are now 13 volumes of Buffon's Natural History ; and he is not come to the monks yet, who are a numerous people. The Life of Petrarch has entertained me ; it is not well written, but very curious, and laid together from

his own letters, and the original writings of the fourteenth century : so that he takes in much of the history of those obscure times, and the characters of many remarkable persons. There are two volumes quarto ; and another, unpublished yet, will compleat it.

Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris ; to which place he went last year with the gout upon him, sometimes in his limbs, often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well, (not by means of the climate, one would think) goes to all public places, sees all the best company, and is very much in fashion. He says he sunk like Queen Eleanor at Charing-Cross, and has risen again at Paris. He returns in April. I saw the Lady you enquire after, when I was last in London, and a prodigious fine one she is. She had a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks, a cage of foreign birds and a piping bullfinch at her elbow ; two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, and a cockatoo on her shoulder : they were all exceeding glad to see me, and I them.

L E T T E R LIII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftner, or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with the angry little Lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest
of

of the whole family ; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a-piece to all the others ; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all, (great and small) as you are to be my proxy*.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprized at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden ; orchards, cherry-grounds, hop-gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages ; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring ; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-Down†. In these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the isle of Thanet ; saw Margate, (which is Bartholomew fair by the sea side) Ramsgate, and other places there ; and so came by Sandwich,

* Some readers will think this paragraph very trifling ; yet many, I hope, will take it, as I give it, for a pleasing example of the amiableness of his domestic character.

† At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq; late Member for Canterbury, then resided.

Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a *shipless* sea, but every where peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion: and take notice, (except in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night (ay, and at day too) several times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

Have you read the New Bath Guide? It is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour. Miss Prue's conversion, I doubt, you will paste down, as a certain Yorkshire Baronet did before he carried it to his daughters: yet I remember you all read Crazy Tales without passing. Buffon's first collection of Monkeys is come out, (it makes the 14th volume) something, but not much to my edification; for he is pretty well acquainted with their persons, but not with their manners.

My compliment to Mrs. Wharton and all your family; I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

L E T.

L E T T E R L I V.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. MASON.

March 28, 1767.

I Break in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst * be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

L E T T E R L V.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

*Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,**Aug. 12, 1767.*

I Received from Mr. Williamson that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance: Had I not entertained some slight hopes

* As this little Billet (which I received at the Hot-Wells at Bristol) then breathed, and still seems to breathe, the very voice of Friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain

hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is * * * * *

You see, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it; and I was surprized to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work.

He

refrain from publishing it in this place. I opened it almost at the precise moment when it would necessarily be the most affecting.

† A paragraph is here omitted, as it contained merely a few particular criticisms; a liberty of the same kind I have before taken in some of the preceding letters. The Poem in question contained many touching reflections on mortality: it is to be hoped Dr. Beattie will one day give it to the public.

He has not the fault you mention * : his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious ; which those great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me † : but if his Lordship chuses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him : but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again ; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

L E T.

* To explain this, I must take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter dated March 30, to which the above is an answer : " A Professor at Edinburgh has published an Essay on the History of Civil Society, but I have not seen it. It is a fault common to almost all our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical : I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart, and less to the understanding ; but alas ! this is a talent, which heaven only can bestow : Whereas the philosophic spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." He has since dilated on this just sentiment in his admirable Essay on the Immutability of Truth.

† Lord Gray had said that our Author was related to his family.

L E T T E R LVI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Dec. 24, 1767.

SINCE I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout : now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have so much the air of frankness and real good-meaning, that were my body as tractable and easy of conveyance as my mind, you would see me to-morrow in the chamber you have so hospitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas ! I am a summer-bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns : even then too my wings may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for so distant an excursion.

The proposal you make me, about printing at Glasgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care ; and only desire you would not let your partiality to me and mine mislead you. If you persist in your design, Mr. Foulis certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the last spring, Doddsley, the bookseller, asked my leave to reprint, in a smaller form, all I ever published ; to which I consented : and added, that I would send him a few explanatory notes ; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story*, (which was never meant for the public, and only suffered to appear in that pompous edition because of Mr. Bentley's

Bentley's designs, which were not intelligible without it) I promised to send him something else to print instead of it, lest the bulk of so small a volume should be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather see them printed at Glasgow (especially as you will condescend to revise the press) than at London ; but I know not how to retract my promise to Dodsley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have some kind of interest in this publication ; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expence is his, and so is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuse ; and that, if so, I would send thither a copy of the same notes and additions that I had promised to send to him. This did not seem at all to cool his courage ; Mr. Foulis must therefore judge for himself, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed also at London. If he does, I will send him (in a packet to you) the same things I shall send to Dodsley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me : but for my paraphrases I cannot say much ; you will judge. The rest are nothing but a few parallel passages, and small notes just to explain what people said at the time was wrapped in total darkness. You will please to tell me, as soon as you can conveniently, what Mr. Foulis says on this head ; that (if he drops the design) I may save myself and you the trouble of this packet. I ask your pardon for talking so long about it ; a little more, and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have

I have read, with much pleasure, an Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a measure that I have used) on Lord Hay's birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is easy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious. The few expressions I object to are **** †. These, indeed, are minutiae; but they weigh for something, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

L E T T E R LVII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Feb. 1, 1768.

I Am almost sorry to have raised any degree of impatience in you, because I can by no means satisfy it. The sole reason I have to publish these few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story*; and as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the public did not understand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric;) though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of surpassing his predecessors,

† Another paragraph of particular criticism is here omitted.

cessors, the *Etiennes* and the *Elzevirs*, as well in literature, as in the proper art of his profession : He surprises me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been enquiring these fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were first published, I sent them to her ; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the present edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my respects and grateful remembrances ; he will send another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. These are all the presents I pretend to make (for I would have it considered only as a new edition of an old book ;) after this if he pleases to send me one or two, I shall think myself obliged to him. I cannot advise him to print a great number ; especially as Doddsley has it in his power to print as many as he pleases, though I desire him not to do so.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble upon you : All I can say is, that I shall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

LET-

L E T T E R LVIII. *

Mr. GRAY to the Duke of GRAFTON.

My Lord, *Cambridge, July 17, 1768.*

YOUR Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgments. Yet your Grace must excuse me; they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would compleat the happiness of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most obliged and devoted servant.

* The two following Letters, explain the occasion of this address, in a way so honourable to his Grace, and are withal so authentic a testimony of Mr. Gray's gratitude, that they leave me nothing to add on the subject.

L E T-

L E T T E R LIX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS. *

Jermyn-Street, Aug. 3, 1768.

THAT Mr. Brocket has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the News papers; and also that I, your humble servant, have kissed the King's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant Professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to transcribe: So on Thursday the King signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body, that goes to court does so: besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu. I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge, to be sure my dignity is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

* Rector of Lounde and Bradwell, in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.

L E T T E R LX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.

IT is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt, the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and thro' you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgments to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expence he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that perhaps you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me *Regius Professor of Modern History* in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is 400*l.* per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office, with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did
me

me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare ; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation : if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear Sir, &c.

END OF THE FOURTH SECTION.

SECTION THE FIFTH.

THE Reader will have gathered, from the preceding series of letters, that the greatest part of Mr. Gray's life was spent in that kind of learned leisure, which has only self-improvement and self-gratification for its object : He will probably be surprized that, with so very strait an income, he should never have read with a view of making his researches lucrative to himself, or useful to the public. The truth was, Mr. Gray had ever expunged the word *lucrative* from his own vocabulary. He may be said to have been one of those very few personages in the annals of literature, especially in the poetical class, who are devoid of self-interest, and at the same time attentive to economy ; and also, among mankind in general, one of those very few economists who possess that talent untinged with the slightest stain of avarice. Were it my purpose in this place to expatiate on his moral excellencies, I should here add, that when his circumstances were at the lowest, he gave

gave away such sums in private charity, as would have done credit to an ampler purse: But it is rather my less-pleasing province at present to acknowledge one of his foibles; and that was a certain degree of pride, which led him, of all other things, to despise the idea of being thought an author professed. I have been told indeed, that early in life he had an intention of publishing an edition of Strabo; and I find amongst his papers a great number of geographical disquisitions, particularly with respect to that part of Asia which comprehends Persia and India; concerning the antient and modern names and divisions of which extensive countries, his notes are very copious. The indefatigable pains which he also took with the writings of Plato, and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory observations, which he has left upon almost every part of his works, plainly indicate, that no man in Europe was better prepared to republish and illustrate that Philosopher than Mr. Gray. Another work, on which he bestowed uncommon labour, was the 'Anthologia.' Amongst the books, which his friendship bequeathed to me, is Henry Stevens's edition of that collection of Greek Epigrams, interleaved; in which he has transcribed several additional ones that he selected in his extensive reading, has inserted a great number of critical notes and emendations, and subjoined a copious Index, in which every Epigram is arranged under the name of its respective author*. This manuscript, though written

* It should seem that Mr. Gray's pains were, on this occasion, very ill employed; for the late Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son, says, "I hope you are got out of the worst company in the world, the Greek Epigrams. Martial has wit, and is worth looking into sometimes; but I recommend the Greek Epigrams to your supreme contempt." See Lord Chesterfield's Letters,

written in that exact manner, as if intended for the press, I do not know that it was ever Mr. Gray's design to make public. The only work, which he meditated upon with this direct view from the beginning, was a History of English Poetry. He has mentioned this himself in an advertisement prefixed to those three fine imitations of Norse and Welch Poetry, which he gave the world in the last edition of his Poems. But the slight manner, in which he there speaks of that design, may admit here of some additional explanation. Several years ago I was indebted to the friendship of the present learned Bishop of Gloucester for * a curious manuscript paper of Mr. Pope's, which contains the first sketch of a plan for a work of this kind, and which I have still in my possession. Mr. Gray was greatly struck with the method which Mr. Pope had traced out in this little sketch; and on my proposal of engaging with him in compiling such a history, he examined the plan more accurately, enlarged it considerably, and formed an idea for an introduction to it. In this was to be ascertained the origin of Rhyme; and specimens given, not only of the Provençal Poetry, (to which alone Mr. Pope seemed to have adverted) but of the Scaldic, British, and Saxon; as, from all these different sources united, English Poetry had its original:

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F

though

" Lett. 73. However, if what Mr. Gray says be true, p. 229, vol. I. supra, that " a dead Lord ranks only with Commoners," there may come a time when Lord Chesterfield's dictum, in matters of taste, may not be held more infallible than that of his own and other dead Lords, in points of religion and morality: Nay, when his own plan of gentlemanly education may be thought less capable of furnishing his country with useful members of society, than the plain old-fashioned one which he wrote to explode. If this day does not quickly come, one may, without pretending to a gift of prophecy, pronounce that England will neither be, nor deserve to be, any thing better than a Province of France.

* A transcript of this paper is to be found printed in the Life of Mr. Pope, written by Mr. Ruffhead.

though it could hardly be called by that name till the time of Chaucer, with whose school (i. e. the Poets who wrote in his manner) the history itself was intended to commence. The materials which I collected for this purpose are too inconsiderable to be mentioned: but Mr. Gray, besides versifying those Odes that he published, made many elaborate disquisitions into the origin of Rhyme, and that variety of Metre, to be found in the writings of our antient Poets. He also transcribed many parts of the voluminous Lidgate, from Manuscripts which he found in the University Library and those of private Colleges; remarking, as he went along, the several beauties and defects of this immediate scholar of Chaucer. He however soon found that a work of this kind, pursued on so very extensive a plan, would become almost endless: and hearing at the same time that Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity-College, Oxford (of whose abilities, from his observations on Spenser, we had each of us conceived the highest opinion) was engaged in a work of the same kind, we by mutual consent relinquished our undertaking; and soon after, on that Gentleman's desiring a sight of the plan, Mr. Gray readily sent him a copy of it. *

At a time when I am enumerating the more considerable of Mr. Gray's antiquarian pursuits, I must not omit to mention his great knowledge of Gothic Architecture. He had seen, and accurately studied in his youth, while abroad, the Roman proportions on the spot, both in antient ruins and in the works of Palladio. In his later years he applied himself to consider those stupendous structures of more modern

* This Gentleman has just now politely acknowledged the favour in his preface to his first volume on this subject. A work which, as he proceeds in it thro' more enlightened periods, will undoubtedly give the world as high an idea of his critical taste, as the present specimen does of his indefatigable researches into antiquity.

dern date, that adorn our own country ; which, if they have not the same grace, have undoubtedly equal dignity. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building, from the time it commenced, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and ended in that of Elizabeth. For this purpose he did not so much depend upon written accounts, as that internal evidence which the buildings themselves give of their respective antiquity ; since they constantly furnish to the well-informed eye, arms, ornaments, and other undubitable marks, by which their several ages may be ascertained. On this account he applied himself to the study of Heraldry as a preparatory science, and has left behind him a number of genealogical papers, more than sufficient to prove him a complete master of it. By these means he arrived at so very extraordinary a pitch of sagacity, as to be enabled to pronounce, at first sight, on the precise time when every particular part of any of our cathedrals was erected. He invented also several terms of art, the better to explain his meaning on this subject. I frequently pressed him to digest these in a regular order ; and offered, under his direction, to adapt a set of drawings to them, which might describe every ornament peculiarly in use in every different æra. But though he did not disapprove this hint, he neglected it ; and has left no papers that would lead to its prosecution. I therefore mention it in this place, only to induce certain of his friends, to whom I know he communicated more of his thoughts upon this subject than to me, to pursue the design, if they think it would be attended with utility to the public.

There is an Eloge on M. l'Abbé Le Beuf, published in the " *Histoire de l'Acad. des Inscriptions & Belles Lettres*, vol. 29th," by which it appears that Gentleman had precisely the same idea with Mr. Gray on this subject ; and, by pursuing it, had

arrived at the same degree of skill. “ Les Voyages
 “ & les Lectures de M. l’Abbé Le Beuf l’avoient
 “ tellement familiarisé avec les monumens, qu’il
 “ apercevoit les differences les plus delicates de
 “ l’ancienne Architecture : Il demêloit du premier
 “ coup-d’œil, les caracteres de chaque siecle ; à l’in-
 “ spection d’un bâtiment il pouvoit dire, quelque-
 “ fois à vingt années près, dans quel temps il avoit
 “ été construit : les ceintres, les chapiteaux, les
 “ moulures portoient à ces yeux la date de leur bâ-
 “ tisse : beaucoup des grands edifices ont été l’ouvrage
 “ de plusieurs siecles ; plus encore ont été repâres en
 “ des siecles differens ; il décomposoit un meme bâ-
 “ timent avec une facilité singulière, il fixoit l’age
 “ des diverses parties, & ses decisions estoient tou-
 “ jours fondées sur les preuves indubitables ; on en
 “ trouve une foule d’exemples dans son Histoire du
 “ Diocese de Paris.” His Panegyrist also informs
 us, that he was solicited by his friend, M. Joly de
 Fleury, to reduce into a body of science the disco-
 veries which he had made, that his ill health pre-
 vented him ; but that the work is now in the hands
 of a person very capable of perfecting his idea. Yet
 I question whether a work of this kind, from a French
 writer, will be of any great importance, since I am
 informed by a very competent judge, that the re-
 semblance between Gothic Architecture in England
 and in France is surprisngly slight, except in the
 cathedral at Amiens, and a few other churches, sup-
 posed to be built by the English while in possession
 of French provinces. The public has much more to
 hope from Mr. T. Warton’s late promise to it, as he,
 of all other living writers, is best qualified to give
 complete satisfaction to the curious on this subject :
 in the meanwhile, it may not be amiss to inform
 the reader, that Mr. Bentham’s Remarks on Saxon
 Churches, which make a part of an elaborate Intro-
 duction to his History of Ely Cathedral, lately publish-
 ed,

ed, will convey to him many sentiments of Mr. Gray; as, amongst other Antiquaries, he contributed his assistance to that Gentleman; who, in his preface, has accordingly mentioned the obligation.

But the favourite study of Mr. Gray, for the last ten years of his life, was Natural History, which he then rather resumed than began; as, by the instructions of his uncle Antrobus, he was a considerable botanist at fifteen. He followed it closely, and often said that he thought it a singular felicity to have engaged in it; as, besides the constant amusement it gave him in his chamber, it led him more frequently out into the fields; and, by making his life less sedentary, improved the general course of his health and spirits.

Habituated, as he had long been, to apply only to first-rate Authors, as to the fountain-head of that knowledge, which he was at the time solicitous to acquire, it is obvious that, when he resolved to make himself master of Natural History, he would immediately become the disciple of the great Linnæus. His first business was to understand accurately his "termini artis," which he called justly the learning a new original language. He then went regularly through the vegetable, animal, and fossile kingdoms. The marginal notes which he has left, not only on Linnæus, but the many other authors which he read on these subjects, are very numerous: but the most considerable are on Hudson's *Flora Anglica*, and the tenth edition of the *Systema Naturæ*; which latter he interleaved, and filled almost entirely. While employed on Zoology, he also read Aristotle's treatise on that subject with great care, and explained many difficult passages of that obscure Antient, from the lights he had acquired from modern Naturalists.

Having now given a general account of that variety of literary pursuits, which, in their turns, principally engaged his attention, and which were either

not mentioned, or only glanced at in the preceding letters, let me be permitted to say a word or two of his amusements. The chief, and almost the only one of these, (if we except the frequent experiments he made on Flowers, in order to mark the mode and progress of their vegetation) was Music. His taste in this art was equal to his skill in any more important science. It was founded on the best models, those great masters in Italy, who flourished about the same time with his favourite Pergolesi. Of His and of Leo's, Bononcini's, Vinci's, and Hasse's works, he made a valuable collection while abroad, chiefly of such of their vocal compositions as he had himself heard and admired; observing in his choice of these, the same judicious rule which he followed in making his collection of Prints; which was not so much to get together complete sets of the works of any master, as to select those (the best in their kind) which would recall to his memory the capital Pictures, Statues, and Buildings which he had seen and studied. By this means, as he acquired in Painting great facility and accuracy in the knowledge of hands, so in Music he gained supreme skill in the more refined powers of expression; especially when we consider that art as an adjunct to poetry: for vocal music, and that only, (excepting perhaps the lessons of the younger Scarlatti) was what he chiefly regarded. His instrument was the Harpsicord; on which, though he had little execution, yet, when he sung to it, he so modulated the small powers of his voice*, as to be able to convey to the intelligent hearer no common degree of satisfaction. This, however, he could seldom be prevailed upon to do, even by his most intimate acquaintance.

To

* He was much admired for his singing in his youth; yet he was so shy in exercising this talent, that Mr. Walpole tells me he never could but once prevail on him to give a proof of it; and then it was with so much pain to himself, that it gave him no manner of pleasure.

To conclude this slight sketch of his literary Character, I believe I may with great truth assert, that excepting pure Mathematics and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human Learning, in which he had not acquired a competent skill: in most of them a consummate mastery.

I proceed now, as I did in the former sections, to select, for the reader's perusal, the last series of his Letters. They are few in number; yet contain all the incidents that occurred in that very short space of time, during which Providence was pleased further to continue him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

L E T T E R S.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

I Was absent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me but to accident: to sympathize with you in such a loss * is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy; can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow: but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

* The death of his uncle Governor Floyer.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession; you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: But I will not dwell on this subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is a still greater; and this, with independance, (no vulgar blessing) are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise; without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I speak from experience.

In the mean time while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: That situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenour of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarize your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worst name: but remember that "*Honesta res est læta paupertas.*" I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind*. There is but one real evil in it (take my word who know it well) and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu. I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S.

* An excellent thought finely expressed.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytick disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befall a man far worse than poverty or death †

L E T T E R II.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own *, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat-Lane, or Camomile-Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an harbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate and got a thousand

F 5

guineas

† This letter was written a year or two before the time when this series of letters should commence; but as it was not communicated to me before the last section was printed off, and has a connection with that which follows it, I chose to begin this section with it; the date not appearing to be very material, and the pathetic and friendly turn of it strongly pleading for its insertion.

* Mr. Nicholls, by having pursued the advice of his correspondent, we find was now possessed of that competency which he wished him. Happy, not only in having so sage an adviser, but in his own good sense which prompted him to follow such advice. The gaiety, whim and humour of this letter contrast prettily with the gravity and serious reflection of the former.

guineas †, and fourscore pounds a year for my old Aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window curtains: are you avized of that? Av, and a new mattrafs to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again *, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North-Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invifible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the academy of sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters: Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring Clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which
somebody

† Consisting of houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the Aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her Nephew.

* Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation. See Poems, p. 185. His reason for writing it is given in the next letter.

somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first-thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself, (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

Dear Sir,

"After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and
 "prospect of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly
 "sensible of your goodness and candour, which is
 "the only asylum that my negligence can fly to,
 "since every apology would prove insufficient to
 "counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: How
 "then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold
 "an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of
 "so rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.

L E T T E R III.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Cambridge, July 16, 1769.

THE late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's installation has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the satisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myself bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion*. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live

* In a short note which he wrote to Mr. Stonehewer, June 12, when, at his request, he sent him the Ode in manuscript for his Grace's perusal, he expresses this motive more fully. "I did not intend the Duke should have heard me till he could not help it. You are desired to make the best excuses you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of praising him to his face; but as somebody was necessarily to do this, I did not see why Gratitude should sit silent and leave it to Expectation to sing, who certainly would have sung, and that *à gorge déployée* upon such an occasion."

live but a single day ; or, if their existence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of news-paper parodies, and witless criticisms. This sort of abuse I had reason to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude † : I cannot figure to myself how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present. You can judge better of it than I ; and if he does not hurt himself by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even seen it.

I could wish to subscribe to his new edition of Milton, and desire to be set down for two copies of the large paper ; but you must inform me where and when I may pay the money.

You have taught me to long for a second letter, and particularly for what you say will make the contents of it *. I have nothing to requite it with but plain and friendly truth, and that you shall have, joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleasure in your success.

I am now setting forward on a journey towards the North of England ; but it will not reach so far as I could wish. I must return hither before Michaelmas, and shall barely have time to visit a few places, and a few friends.

† When the Glasgow Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was sold off (which it was in a short time) Mr. Foulis finding himself a considerable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie, that he wished to make Mr. Gray a present either of his Homer in 4 vols. folio, or the Greek Historians, printed likewise at his press, in 29 vols. duodecimo.

* His correspondent had intimated to him his intention of sending him his first book of the Minstrel. See the seventh letter of this series.

L E T.

L E T T E R IV.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

Aston, Oct. 18, 1769.

I Hope you got safe and well home after that troublesome night*. I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday (that is a fortnight and three or four days, and a journey of more than 300 miles.) I am now at Aston for two days. Tomorrow I go to Cambridge. Mason is not here, but Mr. Alderson receives me. According to my promise I send you the first sheet of my journal, to be continued without end.

Sept. 30. A mile and a half from Brough, where we parted, on a hill lay a great army † encamped: To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows
and

* Dr. Wharton, who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers, I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely-turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers, who are fond of what they call *fine writing*: Yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than surprize; and, if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will inherit their opinion of its intrinsic excellence: in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.

† There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough on this day and the preceding.

and hedge-rows, a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach appeared myriads of cattle and horses in the road itself, and in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy people in their best party-coloured apparel: Farmers and their families, Esquires and their daughters hastening up from the dales and down the fells from every quarter, glittering in the sun, and pressing forward to join the throng. While the dark hills, on whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the croud (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby. On the ascent of the hill above Appleby the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden, clear, rapid, and full as ever, winding below, with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror*: but now the sun was wanting, and the sky overcast. Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Passed Kirbythore, Sir William Dalton's house at Acorn-Bank, Whinfield Park, Harthorn Oaks, Countess-Pillar, Brougham-castle, Mr. Brown's large new house; crossed the Eden and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and dined at three o'clock with Mrs. Buchanan at Penrith, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up Beacon-hill, a mile to the top, and could see Ulswater through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of broken mountains, which the Doctor well remembers, Whinfield and Lowther Parks, &c. and the craggy tops of an hundred nameless hills:

These

* Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a Plano-convex Mirror of about four inches diameter on a black foil, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a Camera Obscura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.

These lie to west and south. To the north, a great extent of black and dreary plains. To the east, Cross-fell, just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

Oct. 1. A grey autumnal day, the air perfectly calm and mild, went to see Ullswater, five miles distant; soon left the Keswick-road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of Eeman, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones; to the right is Delmaine, a large fabrick of pale red stone, with nine windows in front and seven on the side, built by Mr. Hafsle, behind it a fine lawn surrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence rising over them: a clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Farther on appears Hatton St. John, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Huddleston. Approached Dunmallert, a fine-pointed hill covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Hafsle before-mentioned, who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount the hill through a broad straight green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green inclosures, white farm-houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands, gently sloping upwards from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hands. Directly in front, at better than three miles distance, Place-Fell, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay
to

to the left, and then bending to the right. I descended Dunmallert again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to Barton-bridge over the Eeman; then walking through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the Eeman issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing. The figure of the lake nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: It is nine miles long; and at widest under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to south-west, it turns at the foot of Place-Fell almost due-west, and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is soon again interrupted by the root of Helvellyn, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to south-east, and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about four miles along its borders beyond a village scattered among trees, and called Water-Mallock, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine; then the sky seeming to thicken, and the valley to grow more desolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to Penrith.

Oct. 2. I set out at ten for Keswick, by the road we went in 1767; saw Greystock town and castle to the right, which lie about three miles from Ulswater over the fells; passed through Penradox and Threlcot at the foot of Saddleback, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noon-day sun, whilst its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of Gardies and Lowside, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages and meadows lay to the left, and the much finer but narrower valley of St. John's opening into it: Hill-top, the large though low

low mansion of the Gaskarths, now a farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods, under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of Skiddaw and its cub called Latter-rig; and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of Elyfium in all its verdure; the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by two o'Clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the Parsonage, where I saw the sun set in all its glory.

Oct. 3. A heavenly day; rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrowdale; the grass was covered with a hoar-frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke; crossed the meadows, obliquely catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces. Left Cockshut (which we formerly mounted) and Castle-hill, a loftier and more rugged hill behind me, and drew near the foot of Wallacrag, whose bare and rocky brow cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet (as I guess, though the people called it much more) awfully overlooks the way. Our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld: opposite are the thick woods of Lord Egremont and Newland-valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrowdale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the lake reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of hills, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to shew it is alive, with the white buildings of

of Keswick, Crosthwaite church, and Skiddaw for a back ground at a distance. Behind you the magnificent heights of Walla-crag : here the glass played its part divinely, the place is called Carl-elose-reeds; and I chose to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and easily find the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to Barrow-gate ; and a little farther, passing a brook called Barrow-beck, we entered Borrowdale: the crags named Lawdoor-banks begin now to impend terribly over your way, and more terribly when you hear that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall ; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin in all shapes and in all directions: something farther we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of Lawdoor water-fall ; the height appeared to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before ; but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag that spired up to equal, if not overtop the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness): on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill shagged with wood, and illuminated by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under Gowdar-crag, a hill more formidable to the eye, and to the apprehension, than that of Lawdoor ; the rocks at top deep-cloven perpendicularly, by the rains,

rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers. The whole way down, and the road on both sides is strewed with piles of the fragments strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk; the place reminds me of those passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here and hastened on in silence.

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda, e passa !

The hills here are cloathed all up their steep sides with Oak, Ash, Birch, Holly, &c. some of it has been cut forty years ago, some within these eight years; yet all is sprung again, green, flourishing, and tall, for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright: here we met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is now oat-harvest) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley; round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glass, and shewing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of a rock covered intirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left, and contracts its dimensions till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms; among them appear Eagle's-cliff, Dove's-nest, Whitedale-pike, &c. celebrated names
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in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to Sea-whaite (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right that leads to the Wadd-mines); all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalemen; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, "the reign of Chaos and Old Night:" only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to Ravenglas, and the other to Hawkshead.

For me I went no farther than the farmer's (better than four miles from Keswick) at Grange; his mother and he brought us butter that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten-cakes, and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eyrie; all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of the rock on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and hallooing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish, and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other, parent; but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland) and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn, that this species is the *Erne* the Vulture *Albicilla* of Linnaeus, in his last edition, (but in yours *Falco Albicilla*) so consult him and Pennant about it.

We

We returned leisurely home the way we came ; but saw a new landscape ; the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were intirely changed ; take notice this was the best, or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed ; it was perfectly serene, and hot as midsummer.

In the evening I walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow-park after sunset, and saw the solemn colouring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At a distance were heard the murmurs of many water-falls, not audible in the day-time ; I wished for the moon, but she was dark to me and silent,

Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Oct. 4. I walked to Crow-park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient-oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparallel'd spot ; and Smith judged right, when he took his print of the lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the gorge of Borrowdale. I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon ; it is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill (which you remember) because this is lower and nearer to the lake ; for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive.

diminutive *. While I was here a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the Parsonage a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you, and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty; the rest are in a sublimer style.

Oct. 5. I walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent, and crossing it went up How-hill; it looks along Bassinthewait-water, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper-lake, with a full view of Skiddaw: then I took my way through Portingskall village to the Park, a hill so called, covered entirely with wood; it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways; in front rises Walla-crag and Castle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. Returning, met a brisk and cold north-eastern blast that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood.

* The *Pictureſque Point* is always thus low in all prospects: A truth, which though the Landſcape Painter knows, he cannot always observe; ſince the Patron who employs him to take a view of his place, uſually carries him to ſome elevation for that purpoſe, in order, I ſuppoſe, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I ſay this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing ſhould be made from the loweſt point poſſible; as for inſtance, in this very view, from the lake itſelf, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I ſailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive ſo much pleaſure from the ſuperb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not loſe much by not taking boat,

wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles, or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castle-rig, saw a Druid-circle of large stones, 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but most of them still erect; they are fifty in number *. The valley of St. John's appeared in sight, and the summits of Catchidecam (called by Camden, Casticand) and Helvellyn, said to be as high as Skiddaw, and to rise from a much higher base.

Oct. 6. Went in a chaise eight miles along the east side of Basingthwaite water to Ousebridge (pronounced Ews-bridge); the road in some part made and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of Skiddaw: opposite to Widhope-brows, cloathed to the top with wood, a very beautiful view opens down to the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of Keswick, less broken into bays, and without islands †. At the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upwards, stands Armathwate in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake: at a small distance behind the house is a large extent of wood, and still behind this a ridge of cultivated hills, on which, according to the Keswick proverb, *the sun always shines*. The inhabitants here, on the contrary, call the vale of Derwentwater, *the Devil's chamber-pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw fell*, which terminates here, with a sort of terror and aversion. Armathwate house is a modern fabrick, not large, and built

* See this piece of antiquity more fully described, with a plate annexed, by Mr. Pennant in his Second Tour to Scotland in 1772, p. 38.

† It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Gray omitted to mention the islands on Derwentwater; one of which, I think they call it Vicar's Island, makes a principal object in the scene. See Smith's View of Derwentwater.

built of dark-red stone, belonging to Mr. Spedding, whose grandfather was steward to old Sir James Lowther, and bought this estate of the Himers. The sky was overcast and the wind cool ; so, after dining at a publick-house, which stands here near the bridge, (that crosses the Derwent just where it issues from the lake) and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth, hither, five miles, and is carrying on to Penrith : several little showers to-day. A man came in, who said there was snow on Cross-fell this morning.

Oct. 7. I walked in the morning to Crow-park, and in the evening up Penrith road. The clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very dark, yet the moon shone at intervals. It was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow I mean to bid farewell to Kefwick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious lichens, and plenty of gale or Dutch myrtle perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wad-mine had been opened, which is done once in five years ; it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible ; when it is pure, soft, black, and lose-grained, it is worth sometimes thirty shillings a pound. There are no charr ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Butter-mere-water, which lies a little way north of Borrowdale, about Martinmas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground ; the rains have done much hurt : yet observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt.

dirt. Fell mutton is now in season for about six weeks ; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison. Excellent pike and perch, here called Bais : trout is out of season ; partridge in great plenty.

Oct. 8. I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road, in a gloomy morning ; and about two miles from the town mounted an eminence called Castle-rigg, and the sun breaking out, discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountains all in their glory ; so that I had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not compleated, yet good country road, through sound but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad day-light. This is the case about Causeway-foot, and among Naddle-fells to Lancawaite. The vale you go in has little breadth ; the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lee's-water) called also Thirl-meer, or Wiborn-water) and soon descending on its margin. The lake looks black from its depth, and from the gloom of the vast crags that scowl over it, though really clear as glass ; it is narrow, and about three miles long, resembling a river in its course ; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, but not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march ; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen.

Next I passed by the little chapel of Wiborn, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing ; soon after a beck near Dunmail-raise, when I entered Westmoreland, a second time ; and now

began to see Holm-crag, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantick building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung cross each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere-water; its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences; some of rock, some of turf, that half-conceal, and vary the figure of the little lake they command: from the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it: hanging inclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water: and just opposite to you is a large farmhouse at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no gentleman's flaring house, or garden-walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest most becoming attire.

The road winds here over Grasmere-hill, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight; yet it is continued along behind them, and, contracting itself to a river, communicates with Ridale-water, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends. On the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills; and just to the left of our way stands Ridale-hall, the family-seat of Sir

Michael

Michael Fleming, a large old-fashioned fabrick, rounded with wood. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber, far and wide, belongs to him. Near the house rises a huge crag, called Ridale-head, which is said to command a full view of Wynander-mere, and I doubt it not; for within a mile that great lake is visible, even from the road: as to going up the crag, one might as well go up Skiddaw.

I now reached Ambleside, eighteen miles from Keswick, meaning to lie there; but, on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up Wynander-mere in despair, and resolved I would go on to Kendal directly, fourteen miles farther*. The road in general fine turnpike, but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger

For this determination I was unexpectedly well rewarded; for the afternoon was fine, and the road, for the space of full five miles, ran along the side

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of

* By not staying a little at Ambleside, Mr. Gray lost the sight of two most magnificent cascades; the one not above half a mile behind the inn, the other down Ridale-crag, where Sir Michael Fleming is now making a path way to the top of it. These, when I saw them, were in full torrent, whereas Lawdoor water-fall, which I visited in the evening of the very same day, was almost without a stream. Hence I conclude that this distinguished feature in the vale of Keswick, is, like the most northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greatest loss was in not seeing a small water-fall visible only through the window of a ruined summer-house in Sir Michael's orchard. Here Nature has performed every thing in little that she usually executes on her largest scale; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its raggy sides but has its picturesque meaning; and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest-coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those which are usually copied in the Opera-house.

of Wynander-mere, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other. It is ten miles in length, and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river; but no flat marshy grounds, no osier-beds, or patches of scrubby plantations on its banks: at the head two vallies open among the mountains; one, that by which we came down, the other Langfledale, in which Wry-nose and Hard-knot, two great mountains, rise above the rest: from thence the fells visibly sink, and soften along its sides; sometimes they run into it (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion: oftner they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed, and round eminences, on the border covered with trees: towards the south it seemed to break into larger bays, with several islands and a wider extent of cultivation. The way rises continually, till at a place called Orrest-head it turns south-east, losing sight of the water.

Passed by Ing's-Chapel and Staveley; but I can say no farther, for the dusk of evening coming on, I entered Kendal almost in the dark, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tenter-grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries, like Scotland, in front of it: it was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people; so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct 9. The air mild as summer, all corn off the ground, and the sky-larks singing aloud (by the way, I saw not one at Kewick, perhaps, because the place abounds in birds of prey). I went up the castle hill; the town consists chiefly of three nearly parallel streets, almost a mile long; except these, all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a

country-

country-dance, and were out : there they stand back to back, corner to corner, some up hill, some down, without intent or meaning. Along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which there are three-stone-bridges ; the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone, and covered with a bad rough cast. Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Colonel Wilson's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large gothick fabrick, with a square tower ; it has no particular ornaments but double ayles, and at the east-end four chapels or choirs ; one of the Parrs, another of the Stricklands ; the third is the proper choir of the church, and the fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. There is an altar-tomb of one of them dated 1577, with a flat brass, arms and quarterings ; and in the window their arms alone, arg. a hunting-horn. sab. stringed gules. In the Stricklands' chapel several modern monuments, and another old altar-tomb, not belonging to the family : on the side of it a fess dancetty between ten billets deincourt. In the Parr's chapel is a third altar-tomb, not belonging to the family : on the side of it a fess dancetty between ten billets deincourt. In the Parr's chapel is a third altar-tomb in the corner, no figure or inscription, but on the side, cut an escutcheon of Ross of Kendal (three water-budgets) quartering Parr (two bars in a bordure engrailed) ; 2dly, an escutcheon, vair, a fess for marmion ; 3dly, an escutcheon, three chevronels braced, and a chief (which I take for Fitzhugh) : at the foot is an escutcheon, surrounded with the garter, bearing Ross and Parr quarterly, quartering the other two before-mentioned. I have no books to look in, therefore cannot say whether this is the Lord Parr of Kendal, Queen Catharine's father, or her brother the Marquis of Northampton : perhaps it is a cenotaph for the latter, who was,

buried at Warwick in 1751. The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite the town ; almost the whole inclosure of the walls remains, with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolished : it is of rough stone and cement, without any ornament or arms, round, inclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat ; nor ever could it have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks. There is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner I went along the Milthrop turnpike, four miles, to see the falls, or force of the river Kent ; came to Sizergh, (pronounced Siser) and turned down a lane to the left. This seat of the Stricklands, an old Catholick family, is an ancient hall-house, with a very large tower embattled ; the rest of the buildings added to it are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back ground of old trees ; there is a small park also well wooded. Opposite to this, turning to the left, I soon came to the river ; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron-forge not far distant, made it a singular walk ; but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on, down to the forge, and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires : the iron is brought in pigs to Milthrop by sea from Scotland, &c. and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles further, at Levens, is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer : it was a favourite place of his late Countess ; but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. I proceeded by Burton to Lancaster, twenty-two miles; very good country, well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed. Passed at the foot of Farlton-knot, a high fell four miles north of Lancaster; on a rising ground called Boulton (pronounced Bouton) we had a full view of Cartmell-sands, with here and there a passenger riding over them (it being low water); the points of Furness shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains, partly covered with clouds, extending north of them. Lancaster also appeared very conspicuous and fine; for its most distinguished features, the castle and church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair; the inn, in the principal street, was a great old gloomy house full of people; but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace.

In a fine afternoon I ascended the castle-hill; it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round, encompassed with a deep moat: in front, towards the town, is a magnificent gothic gateway, lofty and huge; the overhanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through, and shewing the day from above. On its top rise light watch-towers of small height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its founder's figure; on one side a shield of France semy-quartered with England; on the other the same, with a label, ermine, for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the country-gaol, and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height,

height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity ; for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them : there is a third tower, also square and of less dimensions. This is all the castle. Near it, and but little lower, stands the church, a large and plain gothic fabrick ; the high square tower at the west-end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style : there are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be seen ; within, it is lightsome and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left. From the church-yard there is an extensive sea-view, (for now the tide had almost covered the sands, and filled the river) and besides the greatest part of Furness, I could distinguish Peel-castle on the isle of Fowdrey, which lies off its southern extremity. The town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the castle-hill, more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position, and “ad libitum”, like Kendal : many also extend below on the keys by the river-side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three-masted vessels decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, that runs, when the tide is out, in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring-tides ; below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to south-west.

OZ, 11. I crossed the river and walked over a peninsula, three miles, to the village of Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving story ; how a brother of the trade, a Cockler, as he styled him, driving a little cart with

with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the seven-mile sands, as they had frequently been used to do ; (for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did) when they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected : the old man was puzzled ; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with ; they staid awhile for him ; but in vain ; they called aloud, but no reply : at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on ; she would not leave the place ; she wandered about forlorn and amazed ; she would not quit her horse and get into the cart with them : they determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished ; the poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found the next ebb : that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon I wandered about the town, and by the key, till it grew dark.

Oct. 12. I set out for Settle by a fine turnpike-road, twenty-nine miles, through a rich and beautiful inclosed country, diversified with frequent villages and churches, very unequal ground ; and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks cloathed with fine woods, thro' which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. In the most picturesque part of the way, I passed

the park belonging to the Hon. Mr. Clifford, a Catholick. The grounds between him and the river are indeed charming * ; the house is ordinary, and the park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Next I came to Hornby, a little town on the river Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now building ; the castle, in a lordly situation, attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it : first presents itself a large white ordinary fashioned Gentleman's house, and behind it rises the ancient Keep, built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle. He died about 1529, in King Henry the Eighth's time. It is now only a shell, the rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone-stair-case in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single hexagon watch-tower, rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern summer-house, with sash-windows in gilt frames, a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, built by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. He is the second son of the Earl of Wemys, brother to the Lord Elcho, and grandson to Col. Charteris, whose name he bears.

From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the castle. Ingleborough, which I had seen before distinctly at Lancaster to north-east, was now completely wrapped in clouds, all but its summit ;
which

* This scene opens just three miles from Lancaster, on what is called the Queen's Road. To see the view in perfection, you must go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the back-ground of the prospect : on each hand of the middle distance, rise two sloping hills ; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage : between them, in the richest of vallies, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.

which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Appenine, the trees growing less and thinner of leaves, till we came to Ingleton, eighteen miles; it is a pretty village, situated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge monster of nature, Ingleborough: two torrents cross it, with great stones rolled along their beds instead of water; and over them are flung two handsome arches. The nipping air, tho' the afternoon was growing very bright, now taught us we were in Craven, the road was all up and down, though nowhere very steep; to the left were mountain-tops, to the right a wide valley, all inclosed ground, and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle, the crags on the left drew nearer to our way, till we descended Brunton-brow into a chearful valley (though thin of trees) to Giggleswick, a village with a small piece of water by its side, covered over with coots; near it a church, which belongs also to Settle; and half a mile farther, having passed the Ribble over a bridge, I arrived there; it is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell; there are not in it above a dozen good-looking houses, the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticos in front. My inn pleased me much, (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it; so I lay there two nights, and went.

Oct. 13. To visit Gordale-scar, which lay six miles from Settle; but that way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended on, I went round in a chaise, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, half of it such a road! but I got safe over it, so there's an end, and came to Malham, (pronounced Maum) a village in the bosom

of

of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand; on the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot in a place where I would not have stood stock-still.

For all beneath the moon.

As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them: I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opened again into no large space; and then all farther way is barred by a stream that, at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley: the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs staring from its side, to the height of at least 300 feet; but these are not the thing: it is the rock to the right, under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forward over you in one block or solid mass without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below its dreadful canopy; when I stood at (I believe) four yards distance from its foot, the drops, which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top, more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction; it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable: I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life. At the alehouse where

where I dined in Malham, Vivares, the landscape-painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had also been there, and two prints of Gordale have been engraved by them.

Oct. 14. Leaving my comfortable inn, to which I had returned from Gordale, I set out for Skipton, sixteen miles. From several parts of the road, and in many places about Settle, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, Ingleborough, Penignt, and Pendle; the first is esteemed the highest, and their features not to be described, but by the pencil.*

Craven,

* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be described with precision; and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to supply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot express by words. As far as language can describe, Mr. Gray has, I think, pushed its powers: For rejecting, as I before hinted, every general unmeaning and hyperbolical phrase, he has selected (both in this journal, and on other similar occasions) the plainest, simplest, and most direct terms: yet notwithstanding his judicious care, in the use of these, I must own I feel them defective. They present me, it is true, with a picture of the same species, but not with the identical picture: my imagination receives clear and distinct, but not true and exact images. It may be asked then, why am I entertained by well-written descriptions? I answer, because they amuse rather than inform me; and because, after I have seen the places described, they serve to recal to my memory the original scene, almost as well as the truest drawing or picture. In the meanwhile, my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired some conception of the place, and rests contented in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminish the pleasure I had before received, but augments it by superadding the charms of comparison and verification; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal prose description. To speak of poetical, would lead me beyond the limits as well as the purpose of this note. I cannot, however, help adding, that I have seen one piece of verbal description, which completely satisfies me, because it is throughout assisted by masterly delineation. It is composed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam in Surry; and contains, amongst other places, an account of the very scenes which, in this tour, our author visited. This

Gentleman,

Craven, after all, is an unpleasing country when seen from a height; its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marshy or inclosed pasture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here, both of the Scotch breed, and a larger sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground, except a few oats.

Skipton, to which I went thro' Long-Preston and Gargrave, is a pretty large market-town, in a valley, with one very broad street, gently sloping downwards from the castle, which stands at the head of it. This is one of our good Countess's buildings, but on old foundations; it is not very large, but of a handsome antique appearance, with round towers, a grand gateway, bridge, and moat, surrounded by many old trees. It is in good repair, and kept up as a habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither: what with the fleet, and a foolish dispute about chaises, that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it, but went on, fifteen miles, to Otley; first up Shode-bank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England, for it mounts in a strait line (without any other repose for the horses than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile; then the road goes on a level along the brow of this high hill over Rumbald-moor, till it gently descends into Wharfdale, so they call the vale of the Wharf, and a beautiful vale it is, well-wooded, well-cultivated, well-inhabited, but with high crags at a distance, that

Gentleman, possessing the conjoined talent of a writer and a designer, has employed them in this manuscript to every purpose of picturesque beauty, in the description of which a correct eye, a practised pencil, and an eloquent pen could assist him. He has, consequently, produced a work *unique* in its kind at once. But I have said it is in manuscript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue so; for would his modesty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almost impracticable.

* Anne Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

that border the green country on either hand ; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breath, runs in long windings the river. How it comes to pass that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell you. I passed through Long-Addingham, Ilkeley (pronounced Eecly) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks, to the right ; Burley, a neat and pretty village among trees ; on the opposite side of the river lay Middleton-Lodge, belonging to a catholic gentleman of that name ; Weston, a venerable stone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. Vavasour, the meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood ; Farnley (Mr. Fawkes's) a place like the last, but larger, and rising higher on the side of the hill. Otley is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the Wharf ; I went into its spacious Gothic church, which has been new-roofed, with a flat stucco-ceiling ; in a corner of it is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax, and Helen Aske, his Lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph says ; the figures are not ill-cut (particularly his in armour, but bare-headed) lie on the tomb. I take them to be the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.

L E T T E R V.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

April 18, 1770.

I Have utterly forgot where my Journal left off, but I think it was after the account of Gordale near Settle ; if so, there was little more worth your notice : the principal things were Wharfdale, in the way from Skipton to Otley, and Kirtall Abbey, three

three miles from Leeds * * * * †. Kirtall is a noble ruin in the Semi-saxon style of building, as old as King Stephen, towards the end of his reign, 1152. The whole church is still standing, the roof excepted, seated in a delicious quiet valley, on the banks of the river Aire, and preserved with religious reverence by the Duke of Montagu. Adjoining to the church, between that and the river, are variety of chapels and remnants of the abbey, shattered by the encroachments of the ivy, and surrounded by many a sturdy tree, whose twisted roots break through the fret of the vaulting, and hang streaming from the roofs. The gloom of these ancient cells, the shade and verdure of the landscape, the glittering and murmur of the stream, the lofty towers and long perspectives of the church, in the midst of a clear bright day, detained me for many hours; and were the truest objects for my glass I have yet met with any where. As I lay at that smoky, ugly, busy town of Leeds, I dropped all further thoughts of my Journal; and after passing two days at Mason's (though he was absent) pursued my way by Nottingham, Leicester, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapston, and Huntingdon to Cambridge, where I arrived on the 22d of October, having met with no rain to signify till this last day of my journey. There's luck for you!

I do think of seeing Wales this summer, having never found my spirits lower than at present, and feeling that motion and change of the scene is absolutely necessary to me; I will make Aston in my way to Chester, and shall rejoice to meet you there the last week in May. Mason writes me word that he wishes it; and though his old house is down, and his new one not up, proposes to receive us like Princes in grain.

L E T-

† Here a paragraph, describing Wharfedale in the foregoing Journal, was repeated.

LETTER VI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS. *

I Received your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat every body, according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do; no! I only walked by it and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window: the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, cloathed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from prophane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettely abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is

* This letter was written the 19th of November, 1764; but as it delineates another abbey, in a different manner, it seems to make no improper companion to that which precedes it.

is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen near it) though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge: But of these things I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreathes, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen*. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember

* This puts me in mind of a similar description written by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, which I shall here beg leave to present to the reader, who will find by it that the old Divine had occasionally as much power of description as even our modern Poet. "As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he
" first

remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

L E T T E R VII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. BEATTIE.

Pembroke-Hall, July 2, 1770.

I Rejoice to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books, and to your muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head, (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem *: On the contrary, if I had seen any thing of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a Minstrel, do some great and

“first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of
“darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to
“mattins; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps
“over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns * * * ;
“and still (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher
“till he shews a fair face and a full light.” J. Taylor’s Holy
“Dying, p. 17.

* This letter was written in answer to one that inclosed only a part of the first book of the Minstrel in manuscript, and I believe a sketch of Mr. Beattie’s plan for the whole.

and singular service to his country ? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no General, no Statesman, no Moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations : Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts ; it will shew their use, and make the best panegyrick of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, (what weighs most with me) it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language to versification you will permit me to remark. * * *

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure ; besides, I am partial ; for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests ; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naiveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that

that unhappily has been taught to read and write. That childish nation the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand. *

L E T T E R VIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. HOW. †

Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1763.

I Ought long since to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging testimonies of your esteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's books * did not come to my hands till the

* On a similar subject Mr. Gray expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: "He must have a very good stomach that can digest the *Crambe recolta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the Soul, perhaps, they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England. Shakespear, for example, I believe had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them because they are better Christians than Voltaire." This was written only three months before his death; and I insert it to shew how constant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers. Dr. Beattie received only one letter more from his correspondent, dated March 8, 1771. It related to the first book of the *Minstrel*, now sent to him in print, and contained criticisms on particular passages, and commendations of particular stanzas. Those criticisms the author attended to in a future edition, because his good taste found that they deserved his attention; the passages therefore being altered, the strictures died of course. As to the notes of commendation, the Poem itself abounds with so many striking beauties, that they need not even the hand of Mr. Gray to point them out to a reader of any feeling: all therefore that I shall print of that letter, is the concluding paragraph relating to his *Essay on the Immutability of Truth*. "I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind; your book is read here too, and with just applause."

† This letter and the following, if received earlier, would have found their place, according to their dates, in the fourth Section; but I chuse rather to print them here, out of place, than to reserve them for another edition, that the purchasers of this may not have hereafter cause to complain that the book was incomplete.

* Three small treatises on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been since collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.

the end of July, and since that time I have been prevented by illness from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once with increasing satisfaction; and should wish mankind had eyes to descry the genuine sources of their own pleasures, and judgment to know the extent that nature has prescribed to them: If this were the case, it would be their interest to appoint Count Algarotti their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation; but there is one point in which he does not do us justice; I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our skill in gardening, or rather laying out grounds: and this is no small honour to us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the Jesuits' Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse, published some years ago: † but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but nature for our model. It is not forty years since the art was born among us †; and as sure, we then had no information on this head from China at all §.

I shall rejoice to see you in England, and talk over these and many other matters with you at leisure. Do not despair of your health, because you have not found all the effects you had promised yourself

† The author has since enlarged, and published it under the title of a Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, in which he has put it out of all doubt, that the Chinese and English tastes are totally dissimilar.

‡ See Mr. Walpole's history of this art at the end of the last volume of his Anecdote of Painters, when he favours the world with its publication.

§ I question whether this be not saying too much. Sir William Temple's account of the Chinese gardens was published some years

yourself from a finer climate. I have known people who have experienced the same thing, and yet, at their return, have lost all their complaints as by miracle.

P. S. I have answered Count Algarotti's letter, and his to Mr. Mason I conveyed to him; but whether he has received his books, I have not yet heard.

Mr. How, on receiving the foregoing letter, communicated the objection which it contained to the Count; who admitting the justness of it, altered the passage, as appears from the following extract of the answer which he sent to that Gentleman.

“ Mi spiace solamente che quella critica concorrente i Giardini Ingleſi non la abbia fatta á me medesimo; quaſi egli doveſſe credermi piu amico della mia opinione che della verita. Ecco, come ho cangiato qual luogo. Dopo le parole *nel teſſer la favola di un poema*. “ Simili ai Giardini della Cina ſono quelli che piantano gl' Ingleſi dietro al medesimo modello della Natura.” Quanto ella ha di vago é di vario, boſchetti, collinette, acque vive, praterie con dei tempietti, degli obeliſchi, ed anche di belle rovine che ſpuntano qua e lá, ſi trova quivi reunito dal guſto dei Kent, e dei Chambers *, che hanno di tanto ſorpaſſato il le Nautre, tenuto già il maeftro dell' Architettura, diro coſi, de Giardini. Dalle Ville d' Inghilterra é ſbandita la ſimmetria Franceſe, i più bei ſiti pajono naturali, il culto é miſto col negletto, é li diſordine che vi regna é l' effetto dell' arte la meglio ordinata.”

It is ſeldom that an author of a reputation ſo eſta- bliſhed (as Mr. How truly remarked, when he ſent this extract to Mr. Gray) ſo eaſily, readily, and explicit- ly

years before this period; and it is probable that might have promoted our endeavours, not indeed of imitating (what he ſaid was their archetype) Nature.

* As he had written on the ſubject, this miſtake was natural enough in Count Algarotti.

ly gives up his own opinion to that of another, or even to conviction itself; nor perhaps would Count Algarotti have done so, had he not been thoroughly apprized to whose correction he submitted.

L E T T E R IX.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. HOW.

Pembroke-Hall, Jan. 12, 1768.

I Was willing to go through the eight volumes of Count Algarotti's works, which you lately presented to the library of this College, before I returned you an answer: this must be my excuse to you for my silence. First I condole with you, that so neat an edition should swarm in almost every page with errors of the press, not only in notes and citations from Greek, English, and French authors, but in the Italian text itself, greatly to the disreputation of the Leghorn publishers. This is the only reason I think, that could make an edition in England necessary; but, I doubt, you would not find the matter much mended here; our presses, as they improve in beauty, declining daily in accuracy; besides, you would find the expence very considerable, and the sale in no proportion to it, as, in reality, it is but few people in England that read currently and with pleasure the Italian tongue, and the fine old editions of their capital writers are sold at London for a lower price than they bear in Italy. An English translation I can by no means advise; the justness of thought and good sense might remain, but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely lost, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages.

Doubtless there can be no impropriety in your making the same present to the University that you have done to your own College. You need not at all to fear for the reputation of your friend, he has merit enough to recommend him

him in any country. A tincture of various sorts of knowledge, an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts, an easy command, a precision, warmth, and richness of expression, and a judgment that is rarely mistaken on any subject to which he applies it. I had read the *Congresso di Citèra* before, and was excessively pleased with it, in spite of prejudice; for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical prose. “The *Giudicio d’Amore*” is an addition rather inferior to it. What gives me the least pleasure of any of his writings is the *Newtonianism*; it is so direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not easy to imitate, and least of all in the Italian tongue, whose character and graces are of a higher style, and never adapt themselves easily to the elegant *badinage* and *legereté* of conversation that fit so well on the French. The essays and letters (many of them entirely new to me) *on the Arts*, are curious and entertaining: Those on other subjects, (even where the thoughts are not new, but borrowed from his various reading and conversation) often better put, and better expressed than in the originals. I rejoice when I see Machiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced. Most of the other discourses, military or political, are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu d’esprit, a sort of historical exercise. The letters from Russia I had read before with pleasure, particularly the narrative of Munich and Lascey’s campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and just; but there should have been a revision of them, as they are frequently to be found in his letters repeated in the very same words. Some too of the familiar letters might have been spared. The verses are not equal to the prose, but they are above mediocrity.

L E T T E R X. *

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

IT is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gossling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart †. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use, (not for my own) but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping:

* This letter was written some years before, and would have been inserted after Letter LIII, of the fourth Section, if received in time.

† He seldom mentioned his Mother without a sigh. After his death, her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them; it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine I am quite ashamed; but no matter! You must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I meet with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me: you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to Town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

L E T T E R XI.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. NICHOLLS.

Pembroke-Hall, Jan. 26, 1771.

I Rejoice you have met with Froissart, he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age; had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! His locomotive disposition (for then there was no other way of learning things); his simple curiosity, his religious credulity were much like those of the old Grecian*. When you have *sant chevauché*, as to get to the end of him, there is

H 2

Monstrelet

* See more of his opinion of this author, Section iv. Letter xxxvi.

Monstrelet waits to take you up, and will set you down at Philip de Comines; but previous to all these, you should have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myself bound to defend the character of even the best of Kings†. Pray slash them all and spare not.

It would be strange too if I should blame your Greek studies, or find fault with you for reading Isocrates; I did so myself twenty years ago, and in an edition at least as bad as yours. The Panegyric, the de Pace, Areopagitic, and Advice to Philip, are by far the noblest remains we have of this writer, and equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue; but it depends on your judgment to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another; for example, in the Panathenaic, and the de Pace, &c. on the naval power of Athens; the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

I would by all means wish you to comply with your friend's request, and write the letter he desires. I trust to the cause and to the warmth of your own kindness for inspiration. Write eloquently, that is from your heart, in such expressions as that will furnish*. Men sometimes catch that feeling from a stran-

† I suppose his correspondent had made some strictures on the character of Henry IV. of France. See Sect. iv. Letter xxii.

* This short sentence contains a complete definition of natural eloquence; when it becomes an art it requires one more prolix, and our Author seems to have begun to sketch it on a detached paper. "Its province (says he) is to reign over minds

"of slow perception and little imagination, to set things in

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ger which should have originally sprung from their own heart.

L E T T E R XII.

Mr. GRAY to Dr. WHARTON.

May 24, 1771.

MY last summer's tour was thro' Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near forty miles from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties; one out of many you may see not ill described by Mr. Whately, in his Observations on Gardening, under the name of the New-Weir: he has also touched upon two others, Tintern Abbey and Persfield, both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river, in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland, and Chepstow castles; Ludlow, Malvern-hills, Hampton-Court, near Lemster; the Leafows, Hagley, the three cities and their cathedrals; and lastly Oxford (where I passed two days on my return with great satisfaction) were the rest of my acquisitions, and no bad harvest

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"lights they never saw them in; to engage their attention by
 "details and circumstances gradually unfolded, to adorn and
 "heighten them with images and colours unknown to them,
 "and to raise and engage their rude passions to the point to
 "which the speaker wishes to bring them." * * *

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 "which the speaker wishes to bring them." * * *

in my opinion; but I made no journal myself, else you should have had it: I have indeed a short one written by the companion of my travels*, that serves to recal and fix the fleeting images of these things.

I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. The approaching summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing; my own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience: and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east wind.

This is the last letter which I have selected for this Section; and I insert it chiefly for the occasion which it affords me of commenting on the latter part of it, where he speaks of his own employment as Professor of Modern History; an office which he had now held nearly three years, and had not begun to execute the duties of it. His health, which was all the time gradually on the decline, and his spirits only supported by the frequent summer excursions, during this period, might, to the candid reader, be a sufficient apology for this omission, or rather procrastination; but there is more to be said in his excuse; and I should ill execute the office I have undertaken of arranging these papers, with a view of doing honour to his memory, if I did not endeavour to remove every exception that might, with a shew of reason, be taken to his conduct in this instance.

His

* Mr. Nicholls.

His business as a Professor, consisted of two parts; one, the teaching of modern Languages; the other, the reading of lectures on Modern History. The patent which created the office, authorized him to execute the former of these by deputies; the latter, the same patent prescribed to him, to commence by reading a public lecture in the schools, and to continue to do so once at least in every term. As this patent did not ascertain the language in which the lecture was to be read, he was at liberty to do it either in Latin or English; he chose the former, and I think rather injudiciously; because, though no man, in the earlier part of his life, was more ready in Latin composition, he had now lost the habit, and might therefore well have excused himself, by the nature of his subject, from any superadded difficulty of language. However, immediately on his appointment, he sketched out an admirable plan for his inauguration speech; in which, after enumerating the preparatory and auxiliary studies requisite, such as Antient History, Geography, Chronology, &c. † he descended to the authentic sources of the science, such as Public Treaties—State Records—Private Correspondence of Ambassadors, &c. He also wrote the Exordium of this Thesis; not indeed in a manner correct enough to be here given by way of Fragment: but so spirited, in point of sentiment, as leaves it much to be lamented, that he did not proceed to its completion. At the same time he drew up, and

H. 4

laid

† Amongst these auxiliaries, he has set down *Memoria Technica*; an art in which he had much exercised himself when young. I find many memorial verses among his scattered papers; and I suspect he found good account in the practice; for few men were more ready and accurate in their dates of events than our Author.

laid before the Duke of Grafton, just then chosen Chancellor of the University, three different schemes for regulating the method of choosing pupils privately to be instructed by him: one of these was so much approved of, as to be sent to Oxford, in order to be observed by the new Professor then appointed in that place: and the same plan, or something very similar to it, regulates the private lectures which Mr. Gray's successor now reads at Cambridge; but the public ones, I believe, are still omitted in both Universities: and yet I conceive, that on these (had Mr. Gray been appointed earlier in life to the office) he would have chosen chiefly to exert his uncommon abilities. Indeed, if we consider the nature of the study itself, Modern History, so far as it is a detail of facts, (and so far only, a boy just come from school can be supposed to be taught it) may be as completely learned from private reading as from the mouth of any lecturer whatever. What can his lecture consist of, if it aims to teach what it ought, but a chain of well-authenticated events, judiciously selected from the numerous writers on the subject? What can it then be more than an abridgment added to the innumerable ones with which our libraries are already crowded? I know of no difficult propositions which this study contains, to the proof of which the pupil must be led step after step by the slow hand of demonstration; or that require to be elucidated by the conviction of a mechanical experiment. On this subject carefully to read, is completely to understand; it is the exercise of memory, not of reason. But a public Lecturer, reading to an audience well instructed in these facts, has a wider and nobler field. It is his province to trace every important event to its political spring; to develope the cause, and thence deduce

deduce the consequence. In the course of such disquisitions, the rational faculties of his auditors are employed in weighing the force of his arguments, and their judgments finally convinced by the decisive strength of them. What would be an idle display of either logic or rhetoric, where youths are only to be initiated into the knowledge of facts, becomes before this circle of mature hearers, a necessary exertion of erudition and genius. From such lectures, afterwards collected into a volume, not only the University but the nation itself, nay all other nations might reap their advantage; and receive from this, the benefit they have received from other similar institutions: For though Mr. Gray, in one of the plans lately mentioned, observes, that "Lectures read in public are generally things of more ostentation than use; yet" (he adds) "if indeed they should gradually swell into a book, and the Author should find reason to hope they might deserve the attention of the publick, it is possible they might become of general service; of this we have already some instances, as Judge Blackstone's Lectures on the Common Law, and the Bishop of Oxford's on Hebrew Poetry."

But these reflections lead me beyond my purpose, which was only to remove from my deceased friend any imputation which, on this account, might rest on his memory. Certain it is, that notwithstanding his ill health, he constantly intended to read lectures; and I remember the last time he visited me at Aston, in the summer of the year 1770, he expressed much chagrin on this subject, and even declared it to be his stedfast resolution to resign his Professorship, if he found himself unable to do real service in it. What I said to dissuade him from this, tho' I urged, as may be supposed, every argument I

could think of, had, I found, so little weight with him, that I am almost persuaded he would very soon have put this into execution. But death prevented the trial; the particulars of which it is now my melancholy office to relate.

The Gout, which he always believed hereditary in his constitution, (for both his parents died of that distemper) had for several years attacked him in a weakly and unfixed manner; and the great temperance which he observed, particularly in regard to his drinking, served, perhaps, to prevent any severe paroxysm, but by no means eradicated the constitutional malady. In the latter end of May, 1771, just about the time he wrote the last letter, he removed to London, where he became feverish, and his dejection of spirits increased: the weather being then very sultry, our common friend, Dr. Gisborne*, advised him, for an opener and freer air, to remove from his lodgings in Jermyn-street to Kensington, where he frequently attended him, and where Mr. Gray so far got the better of his disorder, as to be able to return to Cambridge; meaning from thence to set out very soon for Old Park, in hopes that travelling, from which he usually received so much benefit, would compleat his cure: but on the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College Hall, he felt a sudden nausea, which obliged him to rise from table and retire to his chamber. This continued to increase, and nothing staying on his stomach, he sent for his friend Dr. Glynn, who finding it to be the gout in that part, thought his case dangerous, and called in Dr. Plumtree, the Physical Professor: they prescribed to him the usual cordials given in that distemper, but without any good effect; for on the
29th

* Physician to his Majesty's Household.

29th he was seized with a strong convulsion fit, which, on the 30th, returned with increased violence, and on the next evening he expired. He was sensible at times almost to the last, and from the first aware of his extreme danger; but expressed no visible concern at the thoughts of his approaching dissolution.

This account I draw up from the letters which Dr. Brown, then on the spot, wrote to me during his short illness; and as I felt strongly at the time what Tacitus has so well expressed on a similar occasion, I may with propriety, use his words: "*Mihi, præter acerbitatem amici erepti, auget mœstiriam, quod addidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu, non contigit*." I was, then on the eastern side of Yorkshire, at a distance from the direct post, and therefore did not receive the melancholy intelligence soon enough to be able to reach Cambridge before his corpse had been carried to the place he had, by will, appointed for its interment. To see the last rites duly performed, therefore fell to the lot of Dr. Brown; I had only to join him, on his return from the funeral, in executing the other trusts which his friendship had authorized us jointly to perform.

The method in which I have arranged the foregoing pages, has, I trust, one degree of merit, that it makes the reader so well acquainted with the man himself, as to render it totally unnecessary to conclude the whole with his character. If I am mistaken in this point, I have been a compiler to little purpose; and I chose to be this rather than a biographer, that I might do the more justice to the virtues and genius of my friend. I might have written this
life

life in the common form, perhaps with more reputation to myself; but, surely, not with equal information to the reader; for whose sake I have never related a single circumstance of Mr. Gray's life in my own words, when I could employ *his* for the purpose. Fortunately I had more materials for this use, than commonly fall to the lot of an Editor; and I certainly have not been sparing in the use of them: whether I have been too lavish, must be left to the decision of the public.

With respect to the Latin Poems, which I have printed in the three first Sections of these Memoirs, I must beg leave to add one word here, though a little out of place. A learned and ingenious person, to whom I communicated them, after they were printed off, was of opinion, that they contain some few expressions not warranted by any good authority; and that there are one or two false quantities to be found in them. I once had an intention to cancel the pages, and correct the passages objected to, according to my friend's criticisms; but, on second thoughts, I deemed it best to let them stand exactly as I found them in the manuscripts. The accurate classical reader will perhaps be best pleased with finding out the faulty passages himself; and his candour will easily make the proper allowances for any little mistakes in verses, which he will consider never had the author's last hand.

I might here lay down my pen, yet if any reader should still want his character, I will give him one which was published very soon after Mr. Gray's decease*. It appears to be well written; and, as it comes

* It appeared in the London Magazine a month or two after his decease, and was prefaced with an Eulogy on his poetical merit, which I did not think necessary to reprint in a work where that merit so very fully speaks for itself.

comes from an anonymous pen, I chuse the rather to insert it, as it will, on that account, be less suspected of partiality.

“ Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe.
 “ He was equally acquainted with the elegant and
 “ profound parts of science, and that not superficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of
 “ history, both natural † and civil; had read all the
 “ original historians of England, France, and Italy;
 “ and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics made a principal part of his
 “ plan of study; voyages and travels of all sorts
 “ were his favourite amusement: and he had a fine
 “ taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.”

† I have given in the beginning of this Section, an account of the great pains which Mr. Gray bestowed on Natural History. I have since been favoured with a Letter from a Gentleman well skilled in that science, who after carefully perusing his interleaved *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus, gives me this character of it: “ In the class of animals (the *Mammalia*) he has concentrated (if I may use the expression) what the old writers and the diffuse Buffon have said upon the subject; he has universally adapted the concise language of Linnæus, and has given it an elegance which the Swede had no idea of; but there is little of his own in this class, and it served him only as a common-place; but it is such a common-place that few men but Mr. Gray could form. In the birds and fishes he has most accurately described all that he had an opportunity of examining: but the volume of insects is the most perfect; on the English insects there is certainly nothing so perfect. In regard to the plants, there is little else than the English names and their native soils extracted from the *Species Plantarum* of Linnæus. I suppose no man was so complete a master of his system; he has selected the distinguishing marks of each animal, &c. with the greatest judgment, and, what no man else probably could have done, he has made the German Latin of Linnæus purely classical.”

“dening §. With such a fund of knowledge, his
 “conversation must have been equally instructing
 “and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a
 “well-bred man, a man of virtue and humanity.
 “There is no character without some speck, some
 “imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his
 “was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effemi-
 “nacy*, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt
 “and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also
 “had in some degree that weakness which disgusted
 “Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve †: though he
 “seemed to value others, chiefly according to the
 “progress they had made in knowledge ‡; yet he
 “could

§ He has disclaimed any skill in this art in the xxxvith Letter of the fourth Section, and usually held it in less estimation than I think it deserves, declaring himself to be only charmed with the bolder features of unadorned nature.

* This is rightly put; it was rather an affectation in delicacy and effeminacy than the things themselves; and he chose to put on this appearance chiefly before persons whom he did not wish to please.

† I have often thought that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It seldom happens that the vanity of authorship continues to the end of a man's days, it usually soon leaves him where it found him; and if he has not something better to build his self-approbation upon than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himself ill at ease, if respected only on that account. Mr. Congreve was much advanced in years when the young French Poet paid him this visit; and, though a man of the world, he might not feel that indifference to literary fame which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philosophic life, certainly felt much earlier. Both of them therefore might reasonably, at times, express some disgust, if their quiet was intruded upon by persons who thought they flattered them by such intrusion.

‡ It was not on account of their knowledge that he valued mankind. He contemned indeed all pretenders to literature, but he did not select his friends from the literary class, merely because they were literate. To be his friend it was always either

necessary

"could not bear to be considered himself merely as a
 "man of letters; and though without birth, or
 "fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked
 "upon as a private independent Gentleman, who
 "read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said,
 "What signifies so much knowledge, when it pro-
 "duced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains
 "to leave no memorial, but a few poems? But let
 "it be considered, that Mr. Gray was to others, at
 "least innocently employed; to himself, certainly
 "beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was
 "every day making some new acquisition in science;
 "his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his
 "virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were
 "shewn to him without a mask; and he was taught
 "to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy
 "of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit
 "of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that
 "state wherein God hath placed us."

necessary that a man should have something better than an im-
 proved understanding, or at least that Mr. Gray should believe
 he had.

THE END OF THE MEMOIRS.

THE
P O E M S
OF
MR. G R A Y.

MULTUM ET VERÆ GLORIÆ, QUAMVIS UNO
LIBRO, MERUIT.

QUINCTILIAN.

O D E

I.

O N T H E S P R I N G.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky,
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortunes varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolick, while 'tis May.

O D E

O D E

II.

ON THE DEATH OF A

F A V O U R I T E C A T,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's fide,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide.
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
 Nor cruel *Tom* nor *Susan* heard.
 A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

O D E

O D E

II.

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
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And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

O D E

O D E

III.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF
ETON COLLEGE.

"Ανθρωπος ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσχερεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's † holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields below'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

EDB

Say,

† King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas,

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo,

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griev'd troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah how by should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies :
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Vol. II.

I O D E

O

D

E

IV.

TO

A D V E R S I T Y.

Ζῆνα

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοῦς ὀδῶ-

σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάδαν

ὅντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
 Thou Tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,
 The Bad affright, afflict the Best!
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The Proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple Tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.

Light

Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general Friend,
 With Justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful Band
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benigo, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic Train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

O D E

V.

T H E

P R O G R E S S O F P O E S Y.

P I N D A R I C A.

Φωῶντα συνετοῖσιν ἴς

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χαρίζεσθαι.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. 1.

A W A K E, Æolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
 Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong,

^a When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

^b The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 1.

• Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scept'red hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

• Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Lovers are seen
On Cytheria's day
With antic sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:

I 3

O'er

• Power of harmony to calm the turbulent fallies of the soul.
The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

• Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labour, and Penury the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

† In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.

Her

* To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day by its chearful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

† Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame?

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
 Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's^h Darling laid
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

I 4

This

Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

^h Shakspear.

This pencil take (the said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:

Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He¹, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's leis presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding
pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.

^k But ah! 'tis heard no more—

Oh!

¹ Milton.

^k We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touch'd the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Chorusses,—above all, in the last of Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 ' That the Theban Eagle bear
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

O D E

VI.

T H E

B A R D.

P I N D A R I C^m.

I. 1.

' **R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ' Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
 ' They mock the air with idle state.

I 5

' Helm,

Pindar.

^m This Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

' Helm, nor ⁿ Hauberk's twisted mail,
 ' Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of ° Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout ^p Glo'ter stood aghast in speechless trance :
 To arms ! cried ^q Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

And

ⁿ The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that fate close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

^o *Snowdon* was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward the first, says, "Ad ortum annis Conway ad clivum montis Eryri;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283.) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdonie fecit erigi castrum forte."

^p Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

^q Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

- ‘ Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave,
- ‘ Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
- ‘ O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
- ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
- ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
- ‘ To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

- ‘ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
- ‘ That hush'd the stormy main:
- ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic song
- ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
- ‘ On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
- ‘ Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
- ‘ The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
- ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- ‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
- ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops, that warm my heart,
- ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

‘ No

r The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

s Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day I am told, the highest point of Snowdon is called *the eagle's nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willeoughby's *Ornithol.* published by Ray.]

- ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grievly band,
- ‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
- ‘ Avengers of their native land :
- ‘ With me in dreadful harmony ‘ they join,
- ‘ And “ weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.”

II. 1.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race,
- “ Give ample room, and verge enough
- “ The characters of hell to trace,
- “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
- “ “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
- “ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,
- “ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
- “ “ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
- “ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
- “ “ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
- “ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round
- him wait!
- “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
- “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

- “ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
- “ “ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
- “ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
- “ A tear to grace his obsequies.

“ Is

† See the Norwegian Ode that follows.

- “ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Castle.
 - “ Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.
 - “ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.
 - “ Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even
- robbed in his last moments by his Courtiers and his Mistress.

" Is the fable ^z Warrior fled ?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.
 " Fair ^a laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-
 " prey.

II. 3.

" ^b Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 " Close by the regal chair
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of ^c battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 " Long Years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

" Ye

^z Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his Father.

^a Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

^b Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

^c Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

" Ye Towers of Julius ^e, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his ^f Consort's faith, his Father's ^g fame,
 " And spare the meek ^h Usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the ⁱ rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :
 " The bristled ^k Boar in infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 " ⁱ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " The web is wove. The work is done.")
 " Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

‘ But

^e Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

^f Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.

^g Henry the Fifth.

^h Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

ⁱ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

^k The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

^l Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

' But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 ' Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 ' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
 ' No more our long-lost ^m Arthur we bewail.
 ' All-hail, ⁿ ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail !

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold
 ' Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 ' And gorgeous Dames; and Statesmen old
 ' In bearded majesty, appear.
 ' In the midst a Form divine !
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
 ' Her lyon-port °, her awe commanding face,
 ' Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 ' What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 ' Hear from the gave great Talieffin ^p, hear ;
 ' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ' Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 ' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

' The

^m It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

ⁿ Both Meerlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

^o Speed relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, ' And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checkes.'

^p Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

III. 3

' The verse adorn again
 ' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 ' In ^a buskin'd measures move
 ' Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ' With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ' A ^r Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 ' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 ' ' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ' That lost in long futurity expire.
 ' Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine
 cloud,
 ' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ' Enough for me: With joy I see
 ' The different doom our Fates assign.
 ' Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care,
 ' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

O D E

q Shakespear.

r Milton.

• The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

Fro
 Bur
 The
 The
 Thro
 * T
 July 1,
 Fitzroy,

O D E

VII.

FOR MUSIC* I R R E G U L A R.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
 "Comus, and his midnight crew,
 "And Ignorance with looks profound,
 "And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 "Mad Sedition's cry profane,
 "Servitude that hugs her chain,
 "Nor in these consecrated bowers
 "Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in
 flowers.
 "Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
 "Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
 "While bright-eyed Science watches round:
 "Hence, away, tis holy Ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
 There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
 The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
 Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt

* This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge
 July 1, 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry
 Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

Rapt in celestial transport they,
 Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy
 To bless the place, where on their opening soul
 First the genuine ardor stole.

'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
 And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
 Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
 "That Contemplation loves,
 "Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
 "Oft at the blush of dawn
 "I trod your level lawn,
 "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 "In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 "With Freedom by my Side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy.

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
 And mitred Fathers in long order go:
 Great ^a Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And ^b sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

That

^a Edward the third; who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

^b Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a Tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the Foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely ^c Clare,
 And ^d Anjou's Heroine, and ^e the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown, and of her woes,
 And ^f either Henry there,
 The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.
 (Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come!
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies.

V.

"What is Grandeur, what is Power?
 "Heavier toil, superior pain.
 "What the bright reward we gain?
 "The grateful memory of the Good.

"Sweet

^c Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was Wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the first. Hence the Poet gives her the Epithet of 'Princely.' She founded Clare Hall.

^d Margaret de Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in the former Ode: V: Epode 2d, Line 13th.

^e Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth [hence called the paler rose, as being of the House of York.] She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

^f Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

- " Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 " The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 " Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 " The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The ³ venerable Marg'ret see!

- " Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
 " To this, thy kindred train, and me:
 " Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 " ^h A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
 " Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 " The flower unheeded shall descry,
 " And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 " The fragrance of its blushing head:
 " Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 " To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

- " Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 " Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
 " No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
 " Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
 " Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
 " She reveres herself and thee.

" With

³ Countess of Richmond and Derby; the Mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

^h The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

i L
 in the
 a T
 HAFN

" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
 " The laureate wreath,¹ that Cecil wore she brings,
 " And to thy just, thy gentle hand
 " Submits the Fasces of her sway,
 " While Spirits blest above and Men below
 " Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

" Thro' the wild waves as they roar
 " With watchful eye and dauntless mien
 " Thy steady course of honor keep,
 " Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
 " The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 " And gilds the horrors of the deep.

O D E

VIII.

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

NOW the Storm begins to lower,
 (Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)

Iron-fleet of arrowy shower

Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring

¹ Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

^a To be found in the ORCADES of THERMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio: and also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITTER ORFIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

The

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grievly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warrior's head.

Shafts

The design of Mr. Gray in writing this and the three following imitative Odes is given in the Memoirs of his Life. For the better understanding the first of these, the reader is to be informed that in the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *SiEtryg* with the *silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin; the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *SiEtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the Death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of *Caitbness* in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women; they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the North and as many to the South. These were the *Valkiriur*, female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong;

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory,

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field :
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Bar is laid,
 Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun!
 Sisters, weave the web of death;
 Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
 Songs of joy and triumph sing!
 Joy to the victorious bands;
 Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our song,
 Scotland, thro' each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed
 Each her thundering faulchion wield;
 Each bestride her sable steed.
 Hurry, hurry to the field.

O D E

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 b N
 worlds,
 age, of
 HELA,

O D E

IX.

T H E

D E S C E N T O F O D I N *

FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.

UProse the King of Men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to ^b HELA's drear abode.
 Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd:
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

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K Right

* The original is to be found in BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689. Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.

^b *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he fate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic Maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of the tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
 Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee;
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
 Balder's head to death is giv'n.
 Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!

Unwilling

Unwilling I my lips uncloſe :
 Leave me, leave me to reſoſe.

O. Once again my call obey.
 Prophetes, ariſe, and ſay,
 What dangers Odin's Child await,
 Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom :
 His Brother ſends him to the tomb.
 Now my weary lips I cloſe :
 Leave me, leave me to reſoſe.

O. Prophetes, my ſpell obey,
 Once again ariſe, and ſay,
 Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
 By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt.

PR. In the caverns of the weſt,
 By Odin's fierce embrace compreſt,
 A wond'rous Boy ſhall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
 Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
 Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam ;
 Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
 Flaming on the ſun'ral pile.
 Now my weary lips I cloſe :
 Leave me, leave me to reſoſe.

O. Yet awhile my call obey.
 Prophetes, awake, and ſay,
 What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
 That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
 That their flaxen treſſes tear,
 And ſnowy veils, that float in air.

Tell me whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha ! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophets of good ;
But mother of the giant-brood !

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till ' Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

O D E

' Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies ; even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see " *Introduction a l'Histoire de Denhemarc, par Monf. Mallet,*" 1755, Quarto ; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled " *Northern Antiquities,*" in which some mistakes in the Original are judiciously corrected.

a
don,
princ
fough
b
c

O D E

X.

T H E

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN^a.

FROM THE WELCH.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
^b Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hofts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
^c Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;

K 3

There

^a From Mr. EVANS's specimens of the Welch Poetry; London, 1764, Quarto. Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

^b North Wales.

^c Denmark.

There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds, and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 * The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the prefs, and there the din;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 ° Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood
 Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,
 Prostrate Warriors gnaw the ground.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
 Thousand Banners round him burn.
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
 Marking with indignant eye
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
 Agony, that pants for breath,
 Despair and honourable Death.

O D E

d The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

e This and the three following lines are not in the former Editions, but are now added from the Author's MS.

O D E

XI.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

FROM THE WELCH^f.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's Son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd, and had the lovely Maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred Warriors go;
Every Warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,

K 4

Wreath'd

[Of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Talieffin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the Gododin, [See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73] and now first published.]

Wreath'd in many a golden link :
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth, and hope they burn :
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting thro' the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

SONNET

S O N N E T †

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling Mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
 Or chearful fields resume their green attire:
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require.
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet Morning smiles the busy race to chear,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
 To warm their little loves the birds complain:
 I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

K 5

E P I

† Now first published. See Memoirs, Sect. 8.

E P I T A P H

I.

ON MRS. CLARKE.

LO! where this silent Marble weeps,
 A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps:
 A Heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resign'd,
 She felt the Wound she left behind,
 Her infant Image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a Father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A Pang, to secret sorrow dear;
 A Sigh; an unavailing Tear;
 'Till Time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

E P I.

^g This Lady, the Wife of Dr. Clarke. Physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and is buried in the Church of Beckenham, Kent.

E P I T A P H

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair re-
nown;

His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,

Nor Envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

At Aix his voluntary sword he drew,

There first in blood his infant honor seal'd;

From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,

And scorn'd repose, when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast

Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps——

Ah! gallant youth! this Marble tells the rest,

Where melancholy Friendship bends, and weeps.

VOL. II.

* K 6

ELEGY

N O T E.

This Epitaph [hitherto unpublished] was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a Monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which this accomplished youth was killed, 1761; but from some difficulty attending the erection of it, this design was not executed.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For

TRANSLATED

BY

MR. R. LANGRISH,

AT

ETON COLLEGE.

Vespertina notat finem campana diei,
Pigra armenta boant, tarde tenduntque per
agros;

Passibus erga domum lassis se vertit arator,
Et totas terras tenebrisque mihi relinquit.

Nunc se lugubris prospectus condit in umbris,
Undique et aura levis taciturna silentia servat,
Quo tendit cursum segnem nisi cantharus ater,
Tinnitus ad somnum pecudes ducitque soporans;

Quo nisi cinctæ hederis ex celso culmine turris
Ad lunam bubo dat mœstas ore querelas
De illis, errantes qui condita frondea juxta,
Antiqua infestant gradibus sua regna remota.

His rigidis ulmīs, taxi patulæque sub umbra
In tumulis multis quo putrida terra tumescit,
Æternum cellâ contractâ quisque repositus,
Antiqui villæ procumbunt pace coloni.

Aurora aspergens salubres sed odoribus auras,
Stramineo nido stridens haud segnis hirundo,
Aut cantus galli clarus, lituusve sonorus,
Arcessent humili lecto non amplius illos.

Ignis

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

Ignis non illis iterum inflammabitur ardens,
Non operi incumbent diligenter vespere matres,
Non puer ad reditum balbutiet ore paternum,
Nec genua ascendet partiri basia grata.

Curvatæ quoties falci submisit arista,
Perduram quoties glebam perfregit aratrum!
Quam læti pingues protela egere per agros,
Seque atræ silvæ valido flexere sub ictu!

Rideat Ambitio ne aptum durumque laborem
Gaudia ruricolæ vitæ, celataque fata—
Audiat indigno risu neque pompa superba
Pauperis innocui annales humilesque, brevesque.

Splendida nobilitas, atque imperiosa potestas,
Quicquid opes dederant, quicquid speciosa venustas,
Expectant pariter non evitabile tempus—
Ad tumulum tantum deducit semita famæ.

Nec culpas injuste illis ascribe superbe,
Erigat in tumulis si Memoria nulla trophæa,
Per longum templum, per marmoreumque lacunar
Divinæ anthymnus quo cantat carmina laudis.

Bustum triste potest, cœlata aut urna figuris
Corporis ad sedes animam revocare fugacem?
Provocet aut tacitos defunctos nomen honoris,
Auri blanditiæ placeant aut mortis inertis?

Hoc parvo spatio neglecti ponitur agri
Cor, quondam pregnans cœlesti forte calore;
Dextræ, rexissent quæ juste sceptrâ suprema
Ducere blanda Lyrâ aut potuissent carmina dulci.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unrol;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Annales oculis sed docta Scientia nunquam
 Detexit, spoliis antiqui temporis amplos;
 Ardorem illustrem contracta repressit egestas,
 Egregii cursus animi rapidosque gelavit.

Gemmas quot puras claro fulgore nitentes
 Neptunus retinet tenebroso in carcere ponti?
 Quot flores vernant obscuri suavis odoris,
 Nidorem gratum aut deserta per aera mittunt?

Rusticus Hamdenus forsan, qui pectore firmo
 Imperio parvi domini oppugnavit agrorum—
 Hic sine laude aliquis Miltonus forte quiescat,
 Aut hic Cromwellus, Patriæ sed sanguinis insons!

Attonita eloquio dominari in corda senatûs,
 Fortunæque minas, et sævos spernere casus,
 Per terras lætas diffundere gaudia plena,
 Historiamque suam populi reperire per ora,

Hæc vetuit sua fors; et non repressit honores
 Crescentes tantum, sed facta coercuit atra;
 Sæva frui vetuit parto per vulnera scepro,
 Supplicis aut audire preces, non pectore moto;

Occulti miseros veri celare dolores,
 Purpurea ingenui compescere signa pudoris,
 Luxuriæ tumidæ aut cumulare altaria fastûs,
 Ad musarum aras accenso thure sacratas.

Insanæ turbæ procul a certamine turpi
 Non horum didicit moderata errare voluntas;
 Semoti strepitu ast in vitæ valle quieta,
 Servabant tacitumque viæ, placitumque tenorem.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd:
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who unmindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His little length at noontide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard

Opprobrio turpi tamen hæc nuda ossa tueri,
Non procul ædificata manent monumenta caduca,
Indoctis numeris, rudibusque ornata figuris,
Mollia quæ poscunt tenero suspiria corde.

Ætas et nomen quæ inscripsit rustica Musa,
His supplent elegique locum famæque perennis,
Dispergit præcepta sacra et compluria passim,
Vulgus agreste mori doceant quæ pectore firmo.

Nam quis in æternum se ad muta oblivia tradens,
Concessit morti jucundæ gaudia vitæ—
Læti decedit geniali ex lumine Solis,
Neve peroptanti saltem circumspicit ore ?

Deficiens animus gremio confidit amico,
Atque pias lacrymas morientia lumina poscunt ;
Quinetiam tumulto clamat Natura fidelis—
Quinetiam solitos retinent cineresque calores.

Ast tibi neglecti memor es qui morte perempti,
Ingenuas humili narras hoc carmine sortes,
Si quis, dum secum fugientia tempora versat,
Quæ fuerint meditans forsan tua fata requireret ;

Forte aliquis dicet senio confectus agrestis,
‘ Vidimus ah quoties hunc ipsum lumine primo
‘ Verrentem gradibus dispersas roribus herbas,
‘ In montis saltus orienti occurrere Soli—

‘ Illic antiquæ fagi patulæque sub umbra,
‘ Undique longævas stirpes quæ torquet in auras,
‘ Corpus in æstivum protendere segne solebat,
‘ Prætereuntis aquæ rivum firmeque tueri.—

‘ Hanc

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

' The next with dirges due in sad array
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE E P I T A P H.

HER E rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

END OF THE POEMS.

- * Hanc sylvam juxta nunc ridens ore superbo,
- * Plurima revolvens animis errare solebat ;
- * Nunc ægro similis, nunc debilitatus abibat,
- * Perplexus curis, spreto aut cruciatus amore.
- * Mane erat in quâ illo per colles ipse carebam,
- * Arbos non illum vidit, dilecta nec arva ;
- * Altera successit, sed non ad flumina nota,
- * Nec fuerat campis, luco aut conspectus in atro.
- * Tertiaque advenit, sed tunc in funere mœsto
- * Ad tumulum tristem portatum vidimus omnes—
- * Huc ades et lege (namque potes) perflebile carmen,
- * Quod manet inscriptum juxta has in marmore vepres.

E P I T A P H I U M.

HIC jacet in tacitæ telluris pectore duro
 Fortunæ ignotus juvenis, famæque loquaci ;
 Ast humilem natum non pulchra scientia tempfit,
 Sollicita atque suum jussit mala cura vocari.

Huic fuit et probitas, et munificentia larga,
 Munificenter ei demisit præmia cælum ;
 Nam dedit afflictis lacrymas (fors plura negavit)
 E cælo accepit (non plus optavit) amicum.

Castas ne ulterius virtutes pandere quæras,
 Aut pravas culpas a sacra sede referre,
 (Inter sollicitam quò spemque metumque quiescunt)
 Clementisque Dei venerandi et pectore patris.

I M I T A T I O N S,

V A R I A T I O N S,

A N D

A D D I T I O N A L N O T E S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the foregoing Edition the text of all those pieces, which the Author published in his life-time, is given exactly as he left it in the London and Glasgow editions ; and the few added pieces are printed verbatim from his corrected manuscripts. I have also inserted all his explanatory notes at the bottom of their respective pages ; but those which only pointed out imitative expressions have been reserved for these concluding pages, because many of them appeared to me not very material, and therefore would have crouded the text as unnecessarily as my own annotations.

N O T E S, &c.

O D E I.

The original manuscript title, which Mr. Gray gave to this Ode, was NOON-TIDE; probably he then meant to write two more, descriptive of Morning and Evening. His unfinished Ode (vide p. 234 of the Memoirs) opens with a fine description of the former: and his Elegy with as beautiful a picture of the latter, which perhaps he might, at that time, have meditated upon for the exordium of an Ode; but this is only conjecture. It may, however, be remarked, that these three capital descriptions abound with ideas which affect the ear more than the eye; and therefore go beyond the powers of picturesque imitation.

1. O'er-canopies the glade. *Stanza 2. l. 4:*

IMITATION.

————— a bank
O'er canopied with luscious woodbine. G.
Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.

2. How low, how little are the Proud;
How indigent the Great. *Stanza 2. l. 9 and 10.*

VARIATION.

How low, how indigent the Proud;
How little are the Great.

Thus

Thus it stood in Dodsley's Miscellany, where it was first published. The author corrected it on account of the point of *little* and *great*. It certainly had too much the appearance of a *Concetto*, tho' it expressed his meaning better than the present reading.

3. And float amid the liquid noon. *Stanza 3. l. 7.*

IMITATION.

Nare per æstatem liquidam. *Virgil. Georg. lib. iv.*

4. Quick-glancing to the sun. *Stanza 3. l. 10.*

IMITATION.

————— sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their way'd coats dropt with gold.
Milton's Par. Lost, b. vii. G.

5. To Contemplation's sober eye. *Stanza 4. l. 1.*

IMITATION.

While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

*M. GREEN in the Grotto,
Dodsley's Misc. vol. v. p. 161. G.*

O D E II.

1. This little piece in which comic humour is so happily blended with lyrical fancy, was written in point of time some years later than the first, third, and fourth Odes. See *Memoirs*, p. 187; but as the author had printed it here in his own edition, I have not changed it. Mr. Walpole, since the death of Mr. Gray, has placed the China vase in question on a pedestal at Strawberry-Hill, with the first four lines of the Ode for its inscription.

'Twas on *this Vase's* lofty side, &c.

2. Two angel forms were seen to glide. *Stanza 3. l. 2.*

V A R I A T I O N.

Two *Beauteous* forms. *First edition in Doddsley's Misc.*

O D E III.

1. This was the first English production of Mr. Gray which appeared in print. It was published in folio by Doddsley in 1747; about the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, Mr. Gray sat for his picture to Echart, in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this Ode, and to intimate his own high and just opinion of it, as a first production, added this line of Lucan by way of motto.
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre. *Pharf. lib. x. l. 296.*

2. And redolent of Joy and Youth. *Stanza 2. l. 9.*

I M I T A T I O N.

And bees their honey redolent of spring,

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System. G.

3. And hard unkindness' alter'd eye. *Stanza 8. l. 6.*

The elision here is ungraceful, and hurts this otherwise beautiful line: One of the same kind in the second line of the first Ode makes the same blemish; but I think they are the only two to be found in this correct writer; and I mention them here that succeeding Poets may not look upon them as authorities. The judicious reader will not suppose that I would condemn all elisions of the genitive case, by this stricture on those which are terminated by rough consonants. Many there are which the ear readily admits, and which use has made familiar to it.

4. And moody Madness laughing wild. *Stanza 8. l. 9.*

I M I T A T I O N.

— Madness laughing in her ireful mood.

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite. G.

O D E

O D E IV.

1. This Ode was first published, with the three foregoing, in Doddsley's Miscellany, under the title of an Hymn to Adversity, which title is here dropped for the sake of uniformity in the page. It is unquestionably as truly lyrical as any of his other Odes.

2. Exact my own defects to scan. *Stanza 6. l. 7.*

The many hard Consonants, which occur in this line, hurt the ear; Mr. Gray perceived it himself, but did not alter it, as the words themselves were those which best conveyed his idea, and therefore he did not chuse to sacrifice sense to sound.

Had Mr. Gray completed the fine lyrical fragment, which I have inserted in the fourth section of the Memoirs, I should have introduced it into the text of his Poems, as the fifth and last of his monostrophic Odes. In order to fulfil the promise which I made to my reader, (see p. 233) I shall now reprint the piece with my own additions to it. I have already made my apology for the attempt; and therefore shall only add, that although [as is usually done on such occasions] I print my supplemental lines in the italic character, yet I am well aware that their inferiority would but too easily distinguish them without any typographical assistance.

O D E

On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.

NOW the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy Spring;
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling extacy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my Soul ! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous Choir among ;
Hark ! 'tis Nature strikes the Lyre,
And leads the general song :
Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm, as the ray that bids it glow ;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know ;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace ;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still,

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
 See a kindred Grief pursue;
 Behind the steps that Misery treads
 Approaching Comfort view:
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
 Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the Wretch, that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost,
 And breathe, and walk again:
 The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell,
 Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
 She eyes the clear * crystalline well,
 And tastes it as it goes.
*While far below the madding Croud
 Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
 Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
 And perish in the boundless deeps.*

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
 Sootb'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
 Go, softly rolling, side by side,
 Their dull, but daily round;

* So Milton accents the word;

On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd. P. L. Book vi. v. 772.

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*To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine Joy?*

*Mark Ambition's march sublime
Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale ey'd Envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.*

*Happier he, the Peasant, far,
From the pangs of Passion free,
That breathes the keen, yet wholesome air
Of rugged Penury.*

*He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noon-tide Sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.*

*He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.*

*From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;*

Rich, from the very want of wealth;

In Heaven's best treasures, Peace and Health.

I have heard M. Gray say, that Mr. Gresset's "Epître à ma Soeur" (see his works in the Amsterdam edition, 1748, p. 180) gave him the first idea of this Ode: and whoever compares it with the French Poem, will find some slight traits of resemblance, but chiefly in our Author's seventh stanza.

We come now to Mr. Gray's Pindaric Odes. And I think myself happy, through the favour of Mr. How (whose acquaintance with Count Algarotti has been mentioned, p. 62, vol. 2. of the Memoirs) to be permitted to preface my annotations on them, with a letter which that celebrated foreigner wrote to him on their subject. It does honour at once to the Writer, the Poet and the common Friend.

Al Signor GUGLIELMO TAYLOR HOW.

Pisa, Diecm. 26, 1762.

DE I moltissimi obblighi, che io ho alla tanta sua gentilezza, non è certo il minore quello dello avermi ella novellamente introdotto in uno de' più riposti Laureti del Parnaso Inglese, avendomi fatto parte di alcune Liriche poesie del Signor Gray. Io non saprei quale Oda non dirò del celebre Rousseau, ma del Guidi, del Lazzarini, ed anche del Chiabrera, che scrissèro in una lingua più poetica che la Francese non è, paragonar si potesse all' Oda sopra l'Armonia, o a quella contro ad Odoardo Primo del loro novello Pindaro, ed Alceo.

La Poesia dei popoli settentrionali pare a me, che, generalmènte parlando, consista più di pensieri, che d'immagini, si compiaccia delle riflessioni egualmente che dei sentimenti, non sia così particolareggiata, e pittorezca come è la nostra. Virgilio a cagione d'esempio rappresentando Didone quando esce alla caccia fa una tal descrizione del suo vestimento, che tutti i ritrattisti, leggendo quel passo, la vestirebbono a un modo:

Tandem progreditur, magnâ stipante catervâ,

Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:

Cui

*Cui pharetra ex auro. crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.*

Non così il Miltono quando descrive la nuda bellezza di Eva:

*Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.*

Con quella parole generali, e astratte idee di grazia, cielo, amore, e maestà non pare a lei che ognuno si formi in mente una Eva a posta sua? Talchè dietro a quei versi *Rubens* l'avrebbe dipinta come una grossa Bàlia Fiamminga, *Raffaello* come la Venere dâ Medici, quale appunto, il Miltono l'avrebbe dovuta descrivere.

*Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive, who shall applaud him most.*

Dice un loro famoso poeta se ben mi ricordo. Ed ecco come un poeta Italiano, quel medesimo Lazzarini che ho nominato da principio, ha pittorelescamente atteggiato la medesima Invidia.

*Bello il veder dall'una parte vinta
L'Invidia, e cinta
Di serpi contro a le sola rivolte,
Meditar molte
Menzogne in vano, e poi restarle in gola
L'empia parola.*

Cotesta maggior dose di pittura dirò così ch'entra nella nostra poesia è forse uno effetto anch'essa della dilicatezza, ed irritabilita della fibra delle nazioni poste sotto climi caldi. Onde sentono, ed immaginano più vivamente delle nazioni settentrionali, più atte per avventura, che noi non siamo, a pensare con pazienza, ad analizzare, a penetrare fino al fondo delle

coſe *. In fatti, ſe fu dato alla Grecia di produrre un Omero che è il principe de' poeti; fu dato all' Inghilterra il produrre un Neutono padre e ſovrano della filoſofica famiglia. Comunque ſia di ciò l'una di queſte Poefie chiamare ſi potrebbe logica, grafica l'altra. In queſto ſecondo genere io porrei la poeſia del Signor Gray, il quale benché nato verſo il Polo, uguaglia i più caldi poeti, che ſorſero più vicini al ſole. Il *verbum ardens* di Cicerone, *words that burn*, che egli nella prima Oda adatta à Dryden, bene ſi può appropriare, per la vivacità della eſpreſſione, a lui medefimo: E coſi ancora quei, *thoughts that breathe*; del che egli è cortefe all' iſteſſo poeta.

*From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.*

Quel bera dei fiori vita e fragranza dalle acque di Elicona, ſpira talè ſoavita, che uno crede respirar veramente la dolce aria dello Elicona medefimo. Viviffima è la pittura del pargoletto Shakespear, che tende le tenerelle mani e ſorride alla Natura che gli ſvela il reverendo ſuo ſembiente, e dipoi gli fa dono di quelle auree chiavi, che hanno virtù di ſchiudere le porte del riſo, e la ſacra fonte del ſimpatico pianto. Non può eſſere più poetica la ragione ch'egli fabbrica della cecità del Miltono, il quale;
oltre-

* All this comparative criticism ſeems rather ingenious than true. The Count might have found, in another part of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, a deſcription of this very Eve more particularized and picturesque; and two allegorical figures of Sin and Death, full as ſtrongly featured as the Envy of Lazzarini. Spenser would, in almoſt every page of his *Fairy Queen*, have produced him pictures as boldly imagined and peculiarly marked, as are to be met with in the writings of any more Southern Poet.

oltrepassati i fiammanti confine dello spazio e del tempo, ebbe ardire di fissare lo sguardo colà dove gli angioli stessi paventano di rimirare; e gli occhi suoi affluocati in quel pelago di lucé si chiusero tosto in una notte sempiterna. Con qual bravura non ha egli imitato la grandiosa immagine di Pindaro nella prima delle Pitiche, quando dipinge il Re degli Augelli, l'Aquila ministra del fulmine di Giove vinta anch'essa dalla forza dell'armonia? E non si vedon eglino in quel bel verso,

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay——

espressi quei due di Tibullo?

Illam quidquid agat, quoquo vestigia fleat,

. Camponit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

Pieno degli spiriti dè più nobili antichi autori, non mette già egli il piede nelle loro pedate; ma francamente cammina col garbo, e con la disinvoltura di quelli. Superiore di gran lunga al concettoso Cowley, il quale nella Lirica avea tenuto finora il campo, ben egli dovea vendicar la causa della poesia contro alla ferità di quell'Odoardo, che, soggiogata la Wallia, vi sponse il gentil seme dei poeti, i quale animando i loro compatrioti a belle imprese, erano i successori, si può dire, degli antichi Druidi, e gli antecessori del medesimo Gray. Con qual forza con quale ardore nol fa egli acceso della sacra fiamma dell'estro e della libertà? Troppo lungo io farei se esprimer le volessi il piacere di che mi è stata cagione la varietà grandissima d'immagini ch'egli ha saputo fare entrare nel vaticinio che contro alla razza di Odoardo fulmina il Poeta Wallese. La dirò bene all'orecchio che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo eccidio di Troia. Dico all'orecchio, perché non vorrei avere

contro di me la plebe dè letterati. Troppo e'lla si scandalizzerebbe all'udire che a una fattura d' dieciotto secoli fa se ne voglia preferire una de' nostri giorni, che non ha avuto il tempo di far la patina che hanno fatto le cose dei Greci e dei Latini. *Æolio carmine nobilis* il Signor Gray si può chiamare a ragione *Britannæ fidicen Lyrae*: ed io mi rallegro sommamente con esso lei, che la patria sua vantì presentemente, e in uno de' suoi amici, un poeta, che non la cede a niuno di quegli antichi,

Che le Muse lattar più ch'altri mai

O D E V.

1. This highly-finished Ode, which Mr. Gray entitled the *Progress of Poetry*, describes its power and influence as well as progress, which his explanatory notes at the bottom of the page point out, and this with all the accuracy of metaphysical precision, disguised under the appearance of Pindaric digression. On the first line of it he gave, in his edition, the following note.——“ Pindar styles his own poetry, “ with his musical accompaniments, *Αἰολίης μολπῆς, Ἀἰολίδης χαρδαι, Αἰολιδῶν πνοαὶ αὐλῶν*: *Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.*” It will seem strange to the learned reader, that he thought such explanation necessary, and he will be apt to look on it as the mere parade of Greek quotation; but his reason for it was, that the Critical Reviewers had mistaken his meaning, (see note, p. 9, vol. 2. of the *Memoirs*) and supposed the Ode addressed to the Harp of *Æolus*; which they said “ was altogether uncertain and irregular, and therefore must be very ill adapted to the *Dance.*” See Epode i. l. 1. This ridiculous blunder, which he did not think proper openly to advert on, led him to produce his Greek quotations, that they might chew on them at their leisure; but he would hardly have done this, had not the reception his Ode met with made him abate, not only of respect to his critics, but to his readers in general. See his own note.

2. Awake,

2. Awake, Æolian lyre, awake, Stanza i. l. 1.

IMITATION.

Awake, my glory : awake, lute and harp.

David's Psal. G.

VARIATION.

In his manuscript it originally stood;

Awake, my lyre : my glory, wake.

And it would have been lucky for the above-mentioned critics, if it had been thus printed.

3. Perching on the scepter'd hand. *Antist. i. l. 8.*

This description of the Bird of Jupiter, Mr. Gray, in his own edition, modestly calls "a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the first Pythian of Pindar;" but if they are compared with Mr. Gilbert West's translation of the above lines, [though far from a bad one] their superior energy to his version will appear very conspicuous.

Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian King,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals,
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array,
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

Here, if we except the second line, we find no imagery or expression of the lyrical cast. The rest are loaded with unnecessary epithets, and would better suit the tamer tones of Elegy.

West's Pindar, vol. I. p. 85.

4. Glance their many twinkling feet. *Ep. i. l. 11.*

IMITATION.

Μαγναρυχὰς ὤπαστο ποδῶν· δαίματι δὲ δῦμα.

Homer. Od. Θ. G.

L 4.

5. Slow.

5. Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare.

This and the five flowing lines which follow are sweetly introduced by the short and unequal measures that precede them: the whole stanza is indeed a master-piece of rhythm, and charms the ear by its well-varied cadence, as much as the imagery which it contains ravishes the fancy. "There is [says our author in one of his manuscript papers] "a *toute ensemble* of sound, as well as of sense, in poetical composition always necessary to its perfection. What is gone before still dwells upon the ear, and insensibly harmonizes with the present line, as in that succession of "fleeting notes which is called Melody." Nothing can better exemplify the truth of this fine observation than his own poetry.

6. The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

Ep. i. l. 17.

I M I T A T I O N.

Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσσι

Παρείησι φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynicius apud Athenæum. G.

7. Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
of war.

Stanza 2. l. 11 and 12.

I M I T A T I O N.

Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley. G.

8. In climes beyond the solar road. *Antist. ii. l. 1.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Extra anni solisque vias——

Virgil.

Tutti lontana dal camin del sole.

Petrarch Canzon. ii. G.

9. Far

9. Far from the sun and summer-gale.

Stanza 3. l. 1.

An ingenious person, who sent Mr. Gray his remarks anonymously on this and the following Ode soon after they were published, gives this stanza and the following a very just and well expressed eulogy: "A Poet is perhaps never more conciliating than when he praises favourite predecessors in his art. Milton is not more the pride than Shakespear the love of their country: It is therefore equally judicious to diffuse a tenderness and a grace through the praise of Shakespear, as to extol in a strain more elevated and so- norous the boundless soarings of Milton's epic imagination." The critic has here well noted the beauty of contrast which results from the two descriptions; yet it is further to be observed to the honor of our Poet's judgment, that the tenderness and grace in the former does not prevent it from strongly characterizing the three capital perfections of Shakespear's genius; and when he describes his power of exciting terror (a species of the sublime) he ceases to be diffuse, and becomes as he ought to be, concise and energetical.

10. He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time.

Antist. iii. l. 4.

IMITATION.

—Flammantia mœnia mundi. *Lucretius. G.*

11. The living throne, the sapphire blaze.

Antist. iii. l. 5.

IMITATION.

For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels, and above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone—this was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28. G.

12. Clos'd his eyes in endless night. *Antist. iii. l. 8.*

IMITATION.

Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· διδοὺ δ' ἠδῶαν αἰοδῆν.

Homer. Od. G.

This has been condemned as a false thought, and more worthy of an Italian Poet than of Mr. Gray. Count Algarotti, we have found in his letter to Mr. How, praises it highly; but as he was an Italian Critic, his judgement, in this point, will not, perhaps by many, be thought to overbalance the objection. The truth is, that this fiction of the cause of Milton's blindness is not beyond the bounds of poetical credibility, any more than the fiction which precedes it concerning the birth of Shakespear; and therefore would be equally admissible, had it not the peculiar misfortune to encounter a fact too well known: on this account the judgment revolts against it. Milton himself has told us, in a strain of heartfelt exultation, (see his Sonnet Cyriac Skynner) that he lost his eye-sight

overply'd

IN LIBERTY'S DEFENCE, *his noble task;*

Whereof all Europe rings from side to side;

And, when we know this to have been the true cause, we cannot admit a fictitious one, however sublimely conceived, or happily expressed. If therefore so lofty and unrivalled a description will not atone for this acknowledged defect, in relation to matter of fact, all that the impartial critic can do is to point out the reason, and to apologize for the Poet, who was necessitated by his subject to consider Milton only in his poetical capacity.

13. With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-re-sounding pace. *Antist. iii. l. 12.*

IMITATION.

Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? *Job.*

This verse, and the foregoing, are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's Rhymes. *G.*

14. Thoughts

14. Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Ep. iii. l. 4.

IMITATION,

Words that weep, and tears that speak. *Cowley. G.*

15. That the Theban Eagle bear. *Ep. iii. l. 9.*

Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον. Olymp. ii.

Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight regardless of their noise. *G.*

16. The Critic, above quoted, concludes his remarks on this Ode, which he had written after his observations on the Bard, in a manner which accounts, in my opinion, for the superior pleasure that it has given to him, and also to the generality of readers. "I quit, says he, this Ode with the strongest conviction of its abundant merit; though I took it up, (for this last attentive perusal) persuaded that it was not a little inferior to the other. They are not the treasures of imagination only that have so copiously enriched it: It speaks, but surely less feelingly than the Bard, (still my favourite) to the heart. Can we in truth be equally interested, for the fabulous exploded Gods of other nations (celebrated in the first half of this Ode) as by the story of our own Edwards and Henrys, or allusions to it? Can a description, the most perfect language ever attained to, of tyranny expelling the muses from Parnassus, seize the mind equally with the horrors of Berkley Castle, with the apostrophe to the tower?"

"And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!"

- "I do not mean, however, wholly to decry fabulous subjects or allusions, nor more than to suggest the preference due to historical ones, where happily the Poet's fertile imagination supplies him with a plentiful choice of both kinds and he finds himself capable of treating both, according to their respective natures, with equal advantage."

O D E VI.

1. I promised the reader, in p. 235. vol. i. of the Memoirs, to give him, in this place, the original argument of this capital Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his common-place book. It is as follows: "The army of Edward I. as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure seated at the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the King with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretels the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot." Fine as the conclusion of this Ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but unhappily for his purposes, instances of English Poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to celebrate *Virtue and Valour*; but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakespear, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable of exposing *Vice and infamous Pleasure*; and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire: but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaffe? Milton, of all our great Poets, was the only one who boldly censured *Tyranny and Oppression*: but he chose to deliver this censure, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of corruption and bribery, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig

Whig and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a Poet for his purpose. On these considerations Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan towards the conclusion: Hence we perceive, that in the last epode he praises Spenser only for his allegory, Shakespear for his powers of moving the passions, and Milton for his epic excellenc. I remember the Ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welch Harp at a concert at Cambridge, [see Letter xxv. sect. iv.] which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.

2. Mr. Smith, the Musical Composer and worthy pupil of Mr. Handel, had once an idea of setting this Ode, and of having it performed by way of serenata or oratorio." A common friend of his and Mr. Gray's interested himself much in this design, and drew out a clear analysis of the Ode, that Mr. Smith might more perfectly understand the Poet's meaning. He conversed also with Mr. Gray on the subject, who gave him an idea for the overture, and marked also some passages in the Ode in order to ascertain which should be recitative, which air, what kind of air, and how accompanied. The design was, however, not executed; and therefore I shall only [in order to give the reader a taste of Mr. Gray's musical feelings] insert in this place what his sentiments were concerning the overture. "It should be
 "so contrived as to be a proper introduction to the Ode; it
 "might consist of two movements, the first descriptive of
 "the horror and confusion of battle, the last a march grave
 "and majestic, but expressing the exultation and insolent
 "security of conquest. This movement should be com-
 "posed entirely of wind instruments, except the kettle-drum
 "heard at intervals. The *da capo* of it must be suddenly
 "broke in upon, and put to silence by the clang of the harp
 "in a tumultuous rapid movement, joined with the voice,
 "all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. The
 "harmony may be strengthened by any other stringed in-
 "strument; but the harp should every where prevail, and
 "form the continued running accompaniment, submitting
 "itself to nothing but the voice."

3. Ruin

3. Ruin seize thee, ruthless King. *Strophe, i. l. 1.*

On this noble exordium the anonymous Critic, before-mentioned, thus eloquently expresses his admiration: "This abrupt execration plunges the reader into that sudden fearful perplexity which is designed to predominate through the whole. The irresistible violence of the prophet's passions bears him away, who, as he is unprepared by a formal ushering in of the speaker, is unfortified against the impressions of his poetical phrenzy and overpowered by them, as sudden thunders strike the deepest." All readers of taste, I fancy, have felt this effect from the passage; they will be pleased however to see their own feelings so well expressed as they are in this note.

4. They mock the air with idle state. *Strophe i. l. 4.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakesp. King John. G.

5. Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride.

Strophe i. l. 9.

I M I T A T I O N.

The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen. G.

6. Loose his beard, &c.

Artist. i. l. 5.

The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence the other in the Duke of Orleans's collection at Paris. G.

Mr. Gray never saw the large Cartoon, done by the same divine hand, in the possession of the Duke of Montagu, at his seat at Boughton in Northamptonshire, else I am persuaded he would

would have mentioned it in this note. The two finished pictures abroad [which I believe are closet-pieces] can hardly have so much spirit in them as this wonderful drawing; it gave me the sublimest idea I ever received from painting. Moses breaking the tables of the law, by Parmegiano, was a figure which Mr. Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael.

7. Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
Ep. i. l. 12 and 13.

IMITATION.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
 That visit my sad heart.
Shakes. Julius Cæsar. G.

8. No more I weep, &c. *Ep. i. l. 15.*

Here, says the anonymous Critic, a vision of triumphant revenge is judiciously made to ensue, after the pathetic lamentation which precedes it. Breaks—double rhymes—an appropriated cadence—and an exalted ferocity of language forcibly picture to us the uncontrollable tumultuous working of the prophet's stimulated bosom.

9. Weave the warp, &c. *Strophe 2. l. 1.*

Can there be an image more just, apposite, and nobly imagined than this tremendous tragical winding-sheet? In the rest of this stanza the wildness of thought, expression, and cadence are admirably adapted to the character and situation of the speaker, and of the bloody spectres his assistants. It is not indeed peculiar to it alone, but a beauty that runs throughout the whole composition, that the historial events are briefly sketched out by a few striking circumstances, in which the Poet's office or rather exciting and directing, than satisfying the reader's imagination, is perfectly observed. Such abrupt hints, resembling the several fragments of a vast ruin,
 suffer

suffer not the mind to be raised to the utmost pitch, by one image of horror, but that instantaneously a second and a third are presented to it, and the affection is still uniformly supported.

Anon. Critic.

10. Fair laughs the morn, &c.

It is always entertaining, and sometimes useful, to be informed how a writer frequently improves on his original thoughts; on this account I have occasionally set down the few variations which Mr. Gray made in his lyrical compositions. The six lines before us convey, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of imagery in the whole Ode, and were a wonderful improvement on those which he first wrote; which, though they would appear fine in an inferior Poet, are infinitely below those which supplanted them. I find them in one of his corrected manuscripts as follow.

V A R I A T I O N.

Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
Your helpless old expiring Master view!
They hear not: scarce Religion dares supply
Her mutter'd Requiems, and her holy dew.
Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandfire's end.

11. Fill high the sparkling bowl. *Epode ii. l. 1, &c.*

This Stanza [as an ingenious friend remarks] has exceeding merit. It breathes in a lesser compass, what the Ode breathes at large, the high spirit of lyric Enthusiasm. The Transitions are sudden, and impetuous; the Language full of fire and force; and the Imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. The manner of Richard's death by Famine exhibits such beauties of Personification, as only the richest and most vivid Imagination could supply. From thence we are hurried, with the wildest rapidity, into the midst of Battle; and the epithet *kindred* places at once before our eyes all the peculiar horrors of civil War. Immediately by a transition most striking and unexpected, the Poet falls into a tender and pathetic Address; which, from the sentiment,

ment, and also from the numbers, has all the melancholy flow, and breathes all the plaintive softness, of Elegy. Again the scene changes; again the Bard rises into an allegorical description of Carnage, to which the metre is admirably adapted: and the concluding sentence of personal punishment on Edward is denounced with a Solemnity, that chills and terrifies.

12. No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail!
Strophe 3. l. 13 and 14.

V A R I A T I O N. MS.

From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns.

13. Girt with many a Baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear.
Ant. iii. l. 1, 2.

V A R I A T I O N. MS.

Youthful Knights, and Barons bold,
With dazzling helm, and horrent spear.

14. Fierce War, and faithful Love. *Ep. iii. l. 2.*

I M I T A T I O N.

Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen. G.

15. I cannot quit this and the preceding Ode, without saying a word or two of my own concerning the obscurity which has been imputed to them, and the preference which, in consequence, has been given to his Elegy. It seems as if the persons, who hold this opinion, suppose that every species of Poetry ought to be equally clear and intelligible: than which position nothing can be more repugnant to the several specific natures of composition, and to the practice of ancient art. Not to take Pindar and his Odes for an example, [though
what

what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him] I would ask, Are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes equally perspicuous? Amongst his Odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, "Descende cælo, & dic, age, tibiâ," Ode 4. lib. 3. so readily comprehended as "Persicæ odi, puer, apparatus," Ode 38. l. 1. And is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition on that account? Is "Integer vitæ, scelerisq; purus," Ode 22. l. 1. superior to "Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari," Ode 2. l. 4. because it may be understood at the first reading, and the latter not without much study and reflection? Now between these Odes, thus compared, there is surely equal difference in point of perspicuity, as between the Progress of Poesy, and the Prospect of Eton; the Ode on the Spring, and the Bard: But, say these objectors, "The end of Poetry is universally to please. Obscurity, by taking off from our pleasure, destroys that end." I will grant that, if the obscurity be great, constant, and unsurmountable, this is certainly true; but if it be only found in particular passages, proceeding from the nature of the subject and the very genius of the composition, it does not rob us of our pleasure, but superadds a new one which arises from conquering a difficulty; and the pleasure which accrues from a difficult passage when well understood, provided the passage itself be a fine one, is always more permanent than that which we discover at the first glance. The lyric Muse, like other fine Ladies, requires to be courted, and retains her admirers the longer for not having yielded too readily to their solicitations. This argument ending as it does in a sort of simile will, I am persuaded, not only have its force with the intelligent readers [the SYNETOI], but also with the men of fashion; as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our Author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy. "*The Gout de Comparaison* [as Bruyere styles it] is the only taste of ordinary minds. They do not know the specific excellency either of an author or a composition: for instance, they do not know that Tibullus spoke the language of Nature and Love; that Horace saw the vanities and follies of mankind."

“ mankind with the most penetrating eye, and touched them
 “ to the quick; that Virgil ennobled even the most com-
 “ mon images by the graces of a glowing, melodious, and
 “ well-adapted expression; but they do know that Virgil
 “ was a better poet than Horace, and that Horace’s Epistles
 “ do not run so well as the Elegies of Tibullus.” * * *

O D E VII.

This Ode, to which, on the title, I have given the epithet of
 IRREGULAR, is the only one of the kind which Mr. Gray
 ever wrote; and its being written occasionally, and for
 music, is a sufficient apology for the defect. Exclusive of
 this, (for a defect it certainly is) it appears to me, in point
 of lyrical arrangement and expression, to be equal to most of
 his other Odes. It is remarkable that, amongst the many
 irregular Odes which have been written in our own lan-
 guage, Dryden’s and Pope’s, on St. Cecilia’s Day, are the
 only ones that may properly be said to have lived. The
 reason is (as I have hinted in a note, p. 231, vol. 1. of the
 Memoirs) that this mode of composition is so extremely easy,
 that it gives the writer an opening to every kind of poetical
 licentiousness: whereas the regularly repeated stanza, and
 still more the regular succession of strophe, antistrophe, and
 epode, put so strong a curb on the wayward imagination,
 that when she has once paced in it, she seldom chooses to
 submit to it a second time. ’Tis therefore greatly to be
 wished, in order to stife in their birth a quantity of compo-
 sitions, which are at the same time wild and jejune, that
 regular Odes, and these only, should be deemed legitimate
 amongst us.

The Cambridge edition [published at the expence of the Uni-
 versity] is here followed; but I have added at the bottom
 of the page a number of explanatory notes, which this Ode
 seemed to want, still more than that which preceded it,
 especially when given not to the University only, but the
 Public in general, who may be reasonably supposed to know
 little of the particular founders of different Colleges and
 their history here alluded to. For the sake of uniformity in
 the page, I have divided the Ode into stanzas, and discarded
 the.

the musical divisions of Recitative, Air, and Chorus; but shall here insert them in their order, according as the different stanzas were set by Dr. Randal, Professor of Music.

Stanza 1. The first eight lines "Air," the four last "Chorus."

Stanza 2. "Recitative" throughout, but accompanied at the sixth line.

Stanza 3. "Air."

This stanza, being supposed to be sung by Milton, is very judiciously written in the metre which he fixed upon for the stanza of his Christmas-hymn.

'Twas in the winter wild, &c.

Stanza 4. "Recitative" throughout the last nine lines accompanied.

Stanza 5. "Air Quartetto." The musical reader will easily see and admire how well this stanza is suited to that species of music.

Stanza 6. First six lines "Recitative;" the rest of the stanza beginning at "thy liberal heart," Air."

Stanza 7. "Recitative" throughout.

Stanza 8. "Grand Chorus," and well suited for that purpose.

O D E VIII.

1. The occasion of Mr. Gray's writing [for it may be rather called so than versifying this and the three following Odes, however closely he has done them] has been given in the beginning of the 5th section of the Memoirs, and his reason for first publishing them in the 57th letter of the 4th. Their best comment, since it is the best illustration of their excellency, will be to insert here the Latin version of the originals from whence they were taken; as it is probable that many readers, who have hitherto admired them as compositions, have not compared them with those literal versions for want of having the books [which are not common ones] at hand.

2. Ex

2. Ex Orcadibus Thormodi Torfæi. Hafniæ, 1697.

LATE diffunditur
Ante stragem futuram
Sagittarum nubes :
Deploît sanguis :
Jam hastis applicatur
Cineracea
Tela virorum,
Quam amicæ texunt
Rubro subtegmine
Randveri mortis.
Texitur hæc Tela
Intestinis humanis,
Staminique strictè alligantur
Capita humana,
Sunt sanguine rotatæ
Hastæ pro Infilibus,
Textoria Instrumenta ferrea,
Ac Sagittæ pro Radiis :
Densabimus Gladiis
Hanc Victoriæ Telam.
Prodeunt ad texendum Hilda,
Et Hiorthrimula,
Sangrida, & Swipula ;
Cum strictis Gladiis ;
Hastile frangetur,
Scutum diffindetur,
Ensisque
Clypeo illidetur.
Texamus, texamus
Telam Darradar !
Hunc [Gladium] Rex Juvenis
Prius possidebat.
Prodeamus,
Et Cohortes intremus,
Ubi nostri Amici
Armis dimicant !
Texamus, texamus
Telam * Darradi ;
Et Regi deinde
Deinde adhæreamus !
Ibi videbant
Sanguine rotata Scuta
Gonna & Gondula,
Quæ Regem tutabantur.

Texamus, texamus
Telam Darradi !
Ubi Arma concrepant
Bellacium Virorum,
Non sinamus eum
Vitâ privari :
Habent Valkyriæ
Cædis potestatem.
Ilh Populi terras regent,
Qui deserta Promontoria
Antea incolebant.
Dico potenti Regi
Mortem imminere.
Jam Sagittis occubuit Comes ;
Et Hibernis
Dolor accidet,
Qui nunquam
Apud Viros delebitur,
Jam Tela texta est.
Campus verò [Sanguine] ro-
ratus ;
Terrus percurrent
Conflictus Militum.
Nunc horrendum est
Circumspicere,
Cum Sanguinea Nubes
Per Aëra volitet :
Tingetur Aer
Sanguine Virorum,
Antequam Vaticinia nostra
Omnia corruant.
Benè canimus
De Rege juvene,
Victoriæ Carmina multa :
Benè sit nobis canentibus.
Discat autem ille,
Qui auscultat,
Bellica Carmina multa,
Et Viris referat.
Equitemus in Equis,
Quoniam efferimus gladios
strictos
Ex hoc loco.

In

* So Thormodus interprets it, as though Darradar were the name of the person who saw this vision ; but in reality it signifies a Range of Spears, from Daur Hasta, & Radir Ordo.

G.

In the argument of this Ode, printed at the bottom of the page of this edition, it is said that the battle was fought on Christmas-day, on which Mr. Gray, in his manuscript, remarks, that
 “ the people of the Orkney Islands were Christians, yet did
 “ not become so till after A. D. 966, probably it happened
 “ in 995; but though they, and the other Gothic nations,
 “ no longer worshipped their old divinities, yet they never
 “ doubted of their existence, or forgot their ancient mythology, as appears from the history of Olaus Tryggveson.”

See Bartholinus, lib. viii. c. i. p. 615.

3. Iron fleet of arrowy shower. L. 3.

IMITATION.

How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind
 them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower.

Milton's Par. Regained. G.

4. Hurtles in the darken'd air. L. 4.

IMITATION.

The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakesp. Jul. Cæs.

O D E IX.

1. The Vegtams Kvitha, from Bartholinus, lib. iii. c. ii. p. 632.

S Urgebat Odinus,
 Virorum summus
 Et † Sleipnerum
 Ephippio fravit.
 Equitabat deorsum
 Nifhelam versus.
 Obviàm habuit Catellum
 Ab Helæ Habitaculis venientem;
 Huic sanguine aspersa erant

Pectus anterior,
 Rictus, mordendi avidus,
 Et maxillarum infima:
 Allatrabat ille,
 Et Rictum diduxit
 Magiæ Patri,
 Et diu latrabat.
 Equitavit Odinus
 [Terra subtus tremuit]

† Sleipner was the horse of Odin which had eight legs. *Vide Edda.*

Donec

Donec ad altum veniret.

Hæla Habitaculum.

Tum equitavit Odinus

Ad orientale ostii Latus,

Ubi Fatidicæ

Tumulum esse novit.

Sapienti Carmina

Mortuos excitantia cecinit,

Boream inspexit,

Literas [Tumulo] imposuit,

Sermones proferre cœpit,

Responsa poposcit,

Donec invita surgeret,

Et mortuorum sermonem proferret.

FATIDICA. Quisnam Hominum

Mihi ignotorum

Mihi facere præsumit

Tristem Animum?

Nive eram, &

Nimbo aspersa,

Pluviæque rorata:

Mortua diu jacui.

ODINUS. Viator nominor,

Bellatoris Filius sum.

Enarra mihi, quæ apud Hælam geruntur:

Ego tibi quæ in mundo.

Cuinam sedes Auro strætæ sunt,

Lecti pulchri

Auro ornati?

F. Hic Baldero Medo

Paratus extat,

Purus Potus,

Scuto superinjecto:

Divina verò soboles

Dolore afficietur.

Invita hæc dixi,

Jamque filebo.

O. Noli, Fatidica, tacere.

Te interrogare volo,

Donec omnia novero.

Adhuc scire volo,

Quisnam Baldero

Necem inferet,

Ac Odini Filium

Vitâ privabit?

F. Hodus excelsum fert

Honoratum Fratrem illuc.

Is Baldero

Necem inferet.

Et Odini Filium

Vitâ privabit.

Invita hæc dixi,

Jamque tacebo.

O. Noli tacere, Fatidica,

Adhuc te interrogare volo,

Donec omnia novero.

Adhuc scire volo,

Quisnam Hodo

Odium rependet,

Aut Balderi Interfectorem

Occidendo rogo adaptet?

F. Rinda Filium pariet

In Habitaculis occidentalibus:

Hic Odini Filius,

Unam noctem natus, armis

utetur;

Manum non lavabit,

Nec Caput pectet,

Antequam Rogo imponet

Balderi inimicum.

Invita hæc dixi,

Jamque tacebo.

O. Noli tacere, Fatidica,

Adhuc te interrogare volo.

Quænam sint Virgines,

Quæ præ Cogitationibus lachrymantur,

Et in Cælum jaciunt

Cervicum pepla?

Hoc solum mihi dicas,

Nam prius non dormies.

F. Non tu Viator es,

Ut ante credidi;

Sed potius Odinus,

Virorum summus.

O. Tu non es Fatidica,

Nec sapiens Fœmina,

Sed potius trium

Gigantum Mater.

F. Equita domum, Odine,

Ac in his gloriare:

Nemo tali modo veniet

Ad sciscitandum,

Usque dum Lokus

Vinculis solvatur,

Et Deorum Crepusculum

Diffolventes aderint.

2. Hela's drear abode. L. 4.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour and half blue. G.

3. Him the Dog of Darkness spied. L. 5.

The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar; he fed upon the lives of those that were to die. G.

4. The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead. L. 24.

The original word is *Vallgaldr*; from *Valr* mortuus, & *Galdr* incantatio. G.

Thrilling is surely in this place a peculiarly-fine epithet.

5. Tell me what is done below. L. 40.

Odin, we find both from this Ode and the Edda, was solicitous about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. The Edda mentions the manner of his death when killed by Odin's other son Hoder; and also that Hoder was himself slain afterwards by Vali the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy.

6. Once again my call obey.

Prophetess, &c. L. 51.

Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Skakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirick's *Rayda Sogu*, [apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.] She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff

Raff adorned with brafs, with a round head fet with ftones; and was girt with a Hunlandifh belt, at which hung her pouch full of magical inftruments. Her bufkins were of rough calf-fkin, bound on with thongs ftudded with knobs of brafs, and her gloves of white cat-fkin, the fur turned inwards, &c. G.

They were alfo called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Foil-kunnug*; i. e. Multifcia: and *Viſindakona*; i. e. Oraculorum Mulier, *Nornir*; i. e. Parcæ. G.

7. What Virgins theſe. L. 75.

Theſe were probably the Nornir or Parcæ, juſt now mentioned: their names were Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda; they were the diſpenſers of good deſtinies. As their names ſignify Time paſt, preſent, and future, it is probable they were always invifible to mortals: therefore when Odin aſks this queſtion on ſeeing them, he betrays himſelf to be a God; which elucidates the next ſpeech of the Prophetefs.

8. Mother of the giant-brood. L. 86.

In the Latin “*Mater trium Gigantum.*” He means, therefore, probably Anger-bode, who from her name, ſeems to be “no Prophetefs of good,” and who bore to Loke, as the Edda ſays, three children; the Wolf Fenris, the great Serpent of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called Giants in that wild but curious ſyſtem of mythology; with which, if the reader wiſhes to be acquainted, he had better conſult the tranſlation of M. Mallet’s Introduction to the History of Denmark, than the original itſelf, as ſome miſtakes of conſequence are corrected by the tranſlator. The book is entitled “Northern Antiquities.” Printed for Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo.

O D E X.

Mr. Gray entitles this Ode, in his own edition, a FRAGMENT; but from the proſe verſion of Mr. Evans, which I ſhall here
VOL. II. M insert,

insert, it will appear that nothing is omitted, except a single hyperbole at the end, which I print in italics.

Panegyric upon Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North-Wales, by Gwalchmai, the son of Melir, in the year 1157. *

1. I will extol the generous Hero, descended from the race of Roderic the bulwark of his country; a prince eminent for his good qualities, the glory of Britain, Owen the brave and expert in arms, a Prince that neither hoardeth nor coveteth riches.
2. Three fleets arrived, vessels of the main; three powerful fleets of the first rate, furiously to attack him on the sudden: one from Jwerddon §, the other full of well-armed Lochlynians †, making a grand appearance on the floods, the third from the transmarine Normans, which was attended with an immense, though successful toil,
3. The Dragon of Mona's Sons was so brave in action, that there was a great tumult on their furious attack; and before the Prince himself there was vast confusion, havoc, conflict, honourable death, bloody battle, horrible consternation, and upon Tal Malvre a thousand banners; there was an outrageous carnage, and the rage of spears and hasty signs of violent indignation. Blood raised the tide of the Menäi, and the crimson of human gore stained the brine. There were glittering cuirasses, and the agony of gashing wounds, and the mangled warriors prostrate before the chief, distinguished by his crimson lance. Lloegria was put into confusion: the contest and confusion was great; *and the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in an hundred languages to give him his merited praise.*

O D E XI.

From the extract of the Gododin, which Mr. Evans has given us in his "Dissertatio de Bardis" in the forementioned book,
I shall

* See Evans's Specimen of Welch Poetry, p. 25, and for the original Welch, p. 127.

§ Ireland.

† Danes and Normans.

I shall here transcribe those particular passages which Mr. Gray selected for imitation in this Ode.

1. Si mihi liceret vindictam in Dēiorum populum ferre,
Æquē ac diluvium omnes unā strage prostrarem.
2. Amicum enim amisi incautus,
Qui in resistendo firmus erat.
Non petiit magnanimus dotem a socero
Filius CIANI ex strenuo Gwyngwn ortus.
3. Viri ibant ad *Cattraeth*, & fuere insignes,
Vinum & mulsum ex aureis poculis erat eorum potus.

Trecenti & sexaginta tres aureis torquibus insigniti erant;
Ex iis autem, qui nimio potu madidi ad bellum properabant,
Non evasere nisi tres, qui sibi gladiis viam muniebant;
Scilicet bellator de Acron, & Conanus Dacarawd,
Et egomet ipse (scilicet Bardus Aneurinus) sanguine rubens:
Aliter ad hoc Carmen compingendum non superstes fuisset.

Whoever compares Mr. Gray's poetical versions of these four lyrical pieces, with the literal translations which I have here inserted, will, I am persuaded, be convinced that nothing of the kind was ever executed with more fire, and at the same time, more judgment. He keeps up through them all the wild romantic spirit of his originals; elevates them by some well-chosen epithet or image where they flag, yet in such a manner as is perfectly congruous with the general idea of the poems; and if he either varies or omits any of the original thoughts, they are only of that kind which, according to our modern sentiments, would appear vulgar or ludicrous: two instances of this kind occur in the latter part of this last Ode. How well has he turned the idea of the fourth line: "Ex iis qui nimio potu madidi?" and the conclusion, "Aliter ad hoc Carmen compingendum, &c." The former of which is ridiculous; the latter insipid.

4. I find amongst Mr. Gray's papers, a few more lines taken from other parts of the *Gododin*, which I shall here add with their respective Latin versions. They may serve to

shew succeeding Poets the manner in which the spirit of these their antient predecessors in the Art may best be transfused into a modern imitation of them.

Have ye seen the tusky Boar,
Or the Bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding Foes advance?
So Carádóc bore his lance.

Quando ad Bellum properabat Caradocus,
Filius apri silvestris qui truncando mutilavit Hostes,
Taurus acici in pugnae conflictu,
Is lignum (i. e.) hastam ex manu contorsit.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the Bard,
Verse, the Hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

Debitus est tibi cantus qui honorem affecutus es maximum,
Qui eras instar ignis, tonitruui, et tempestatis,
Viribus eximie, eques bellicose, Rhudd Fedel, bellum meditaris.

S O N N E T.

x. If what Boileau says be true in his "Art Poétique," that
Un Sonnet sans défauts vaut seul un long Poème—

the merit of this little Poem is decided. It is written in strict observance of those strict rules, which the Poet there lays down. Vide "Art Poétique, Chant ii. l. 82." Milton, I believe, was the first of our English Poets, who exactly followed the Italian model: Our Author varies from him only in making the rhymes in the two first Quartetts alternate, which is more agreeable to the English ear, than the other method of arranging them.

EPITAPH I.

VARIATION. MS.

1. After line 6, in the place of the fourth next—

To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasure, pleasures to impart.
In ling'ring pain, in death resign'd,
Her latest agony of mind
Was felt for him, who could not save
His all from an untimely grave :

2. Whom what awaits, &c. L. II.

The construction here is a little hard, and creates obscurity, which is always least to be pardoned in an Epitaph..

EPITAPH II.

This is as perfect in its kind as the foregoing Sonnet. Sir William Williams, in the expedition to Aix, was on board the Magnanime with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation.

ELEGY, written in a Country Church-yard.

1. The most popular of all our Author's publications: it ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time; was finely translated into Latin by Messrs. Ansty and Roberts; and in the same year another, though I think inferior, version of it was published by Mr. Lloyd. The reader has been informed in the Memoirs, of the time and manner of its first publication. He originally gave it only the simple title of "Stanzas written in a Country Church-yard." I persuaded him first to

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call it an ELEGY, because the subject authoris'd him so to do; and the alternate measure, in which it was written, seem'd peculiarly fit for that species of composition. I imagin'd too that so capital a Poem, written in this measure, would as it were appropriate it in future to writings of this sort; and the number of imitations which have since been made of it [even to satiety] seem to prove that my notion was well founded. In the first manuscript copy of this exquisite Poem, I find the conclusion different from that which he afterwards compos'd; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four rejected stanzas, which highly claims preservation. I shall therefore give them as a variation in their proper place.

2. The knell of parting day. L. 1.

IMITATION.

———— squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante Purg. l. 8. G.

3. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife:

L. 73.

VARIATION.

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r, or Genius, e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark!

Hark! how the sacred Calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed Swain, &c. suggested itself to him. I cannot help hinting to the reader, that I think the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole Elegy.

4. Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires. L. 92.

IMITATION.

Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppio noi pien di faville.

Petrarch. Son. 169. G.

VARIATION.

Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

Thus it stood in the first and some following editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch does not destroy the appearance of quaintness in the other: the thought however is rather obscurely expressed in both readings. He means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive we wished to be remembered by them in

our

our absence: this would be expressed clearer, if the metaphorical term *fires* was rejected, and the line ran thus:

Awake and faithful to her first desires.

I do not put this alteration down for the idle vanity of aiming to amend the passage, but purely to explain it.

5. To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. L. 100.

V A R I A T I O N.

On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.

After which, in his first manuscript, followed this stanza:

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

I rather wonder that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the Poem, but also compleats the account of his whole day: whereas, this Evening scene being omitted, we have only his Morning walk, and his Noon-tide repose.

6. Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

L. 116.

Between this line and the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted; because he thought [and in my own opinion very justly] that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

7. There they alike in trembling hope repose. L. 127.

IMITATION.

——paventosa speme. *Patrarch. Son. 114.* G.

END OF THE NOTES, &c.

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